

CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

Inside
Cambodia with
the Khmer Rouge

Maclean's

MARCH 30, 1981

\$1.00

Hunger for housing

*Greedy prices
and panic buying*





Looking great, tasting Grand!

EDITORIAL

The best homes, like fine wine, are found in the vintage casks

By Peter C. Newman

Owning your own house is not, as it once was, merely a matter of having shelter or possessing a security symbol. It has become the hottest investment ticket around.

As this week's cover story by Maclean's Vancouver bureau chief, Thomas Hopkins, indicates, that city's housing prices have more than doubled, with the average single-family home in the Lower Mainland moving up from \$87,600 to \$179,000 since February of 1980. Nearly all Vancouver house owners are earning a great deal less than their houses.

Though the shortages aren't quite as severe in other cities, most Canadians are faced with the prospect of either not being able to afford their own homes or having to pay too much for them. (Housing has a strange built-in inflation psychology of its own, where prices of advantageously located houses go up, demand moves up, too, as buyers project past increases into future prices.)

The obvious reason for the shortages is that we haven't been building nearly enough houses.

During 1980, only 108,000 new units were completed—a 10 per cent drop from the previous year. The cost of land, high mortgage

rates and excessive government regulations were the main culprits. David Greenman, the Toronto lawyer who headed a 1976 federal provincial task force on the supply and price of serviced residential land, points out that only the building of atomic bombs is more tightly regulated than the housing industry. He suggests that concerns like greenbelts, lower densities, protection from railway noise and other zoning regulations be treated less as absolute, utopian imperatives, "but rather as benefits that can be bought only at a relative cost in terms of another thing of value—namely, cheaper land and housing prices."

Apart from some badly needed deregulation, there is another way to increase the quantity and quality of Canadian housing. Over a million of Canada's eight million occupied dwellings are more than 60 years old.

Turning these veterans into modern insulated structures is fun and can become an obsession. (Hardly a day goes by that I don't tiddle in some small way with the 1930 townhouse I bought four years ago, discovering new charms and new problems at every turn.) To added dividend of renovating houses is that neighborhoods retain their original character and sense of heritage.

When we're not out there throwing up rows of boring new bungalows, let's fix up the vintage houses we have.



Maclean's

March 30, 1981

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Fit for a king

Thank you so much for your cover story *Our Next Queen* (March 9). It isn't only Britons "deep in economic gloom and political wounding" who welcome the excitement and pageantry of a royal wedding. As a Canadian frustrated by Canada's economic woes and the fricas over the constitution, I am delighted to be able to look forward to our prince's wedding in July.

—JUDITH BRANSON
Edmonton

I, as a Canadian with a royalist C, take exception to your cover of March 9. Whose queen? Not mine, does not.

—B.W. WEBSTER
Lakeland Ont.

Lady Diana Spencer may become Queen of England, which is, as far as I am concerned, a foreign country. The sooner Canada forgets royal trappings, which are a carry-over from the 19th century, and gets on with being an independent country, the better off we all will be.

—L. NICHOL
Maplehurst, Alta.

In your article on the Royal Family, you referred to *our Prince Charles* as "the future King of England." The last person to hold this title was William III (1689-1702) who was followed by Queen Anne (1702-1714), in whose reign the official title of the political entity of



Lady Diana, the queen of hearts

England, Scotland and Wales became Great Britain by the Act of Union between England and Scotland in 1707. Charles is the future King of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Northern Ireland.

—J. JARVIS
Vancouver

I found your article on Lady Diana Spencer very informative. However, for you to tell us that, "Throughout the late century she was only once embarrassed by the publicity—when photographers misinterpreted her against the sea in a see-through skirt," and then to reproduce the very same photograph

yourself was, in my opinion, disconcerting and in very bad taste.

—JANA DELINGER
Dartmouth, N.S.

A royal rebuttal

In her columns *A Question of Qualified Support* (Feb. 16), Barbara Amiel questions my expertise. Perhaps 20 years in African studies, 15 years of firsthand contact with Mozambique, seven years in neighboring Tanzania, four research trips in Mozambique itself and literally dozens of books and articles are not good enough for her. However, I hope they will lend some credibility in the eyes of others to my opinion that Mozambique's development effort, hatched under harrowing conditions, is of considerable promise and that Amiel's own diatribes are a tissue of prejudice and misrepresentation. Yes, I am a member of the Toronto Committee for the Liberation of Southern Africa and proud of it. In her column, Amiel sees fit to value the "concessions" regarding Mozambique's inquiries and to that nothing of supplying her legendary "hand-carved" to South Africa's apartheid regime. Yet the very Amiel International report that she cites so selectively has a section on South Africa, including a discussion of the use of torture there that makes Mozambique's shortcomings look like child's play. Put in such a context, her misquoted posturing at the end of her article becomes not merely laughable but obscene.

—MICHAEL JOHN S. BART,
York University, Downsview, Ont.

PASSAGES



SENTENCED: Former private school headmaster Jean-Baptiste Deschamps, 57, convicted killer of St. Charles Diet doctor Herman Tarnower, is 25 years to life. Harris, who starred her lover of 14 years in a lesbian page in the bedroom of his home, suspect he jangled before 1976.

GUILTY: Florent Castin, 22, of setting a fire that killed 43 partygoers on New Year's Day, 1983, in Chicago. Que Castin originally pleaded not guilty to a charge of manslaughter, but eventually changed his plea in a Chicago court that week.

DIED: Rose Clark, 82, of heart failure, in Seattle, France. One of the great French film directors, Clark had been married with Charles Chaplin for his early farces and earlier comedies such as *Les Femmes d'Alger* and *Le Million*.



RESIGNED: Peter Stevens, from his \$75,000-a-year position as executive director of the Stratford Festival. Stevens escaped the national spotlight when the appointment of fellow countryman John Dexter as artistic director last fall but and is a sharply wounded character.

"The Canadianization of the controlled led direction of the performing arts in this country renders my position untenable."



DEVOURED: Scientist Carol Sagan, 46, and his wife of nine years Linda. The best-selling author of *Brook's Dream* and *Comet* plans to marry Nov. 10 in winter and remarriage of 31 years, Ann Drupin, 31. The couple are currently working on a movie treatment of Sagan's present work-in-progress, a novel entitled *Comet*.

BLEW: Harold Cadogan, 46, of a heart attack while vacationing at Pompano Beach, Fla. One of Canada's most outstanding foreign affairs officials for 40 years, he served as ambassador to Washington from 1970 through 1975 and was a special representative on the East-West relations and Maritime boundaries treaty recently withdrawn from the U.S. Senate by President Ronald Reagan.

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One man's meat....

I thoroughly enjoyed your article *Putting America on the Glory Road* (Page 16). March 16 Jerry Falwell speaks out for what he believes to be true and backs up the political machinery that carries it through. We need such a man to proclaim Christian political responsibility here in Canada.

—A.C. WOOD
Burlington, Ont.

Shame on Canada's national evening news for devoting two full pages to "good ole Jerry" Falwell. National press coverage is a measure of your stature might encourage him to come north with his head of rubiksh. May God deliver us from "good ole Jerry" Falwell!

—JAMES DUNNISON
Burlington, Ont.

A load of ballyhoo

Your recent review of Theatre Ballet's performance in Ottawa made certain unparaphrased comments about the Ballet of Canada (The Young Men's World's Dance, March 20). Ballet was arguably the most interesting ballet company in Canada. It was the only company dedicated to finding and developing a broad range of Canadian ballet choreography and taking it across the country. In five years, Ballet has presented as performance and in workshop nearly 60 works by more than 30 choreographers. The quality did vary, but the contribution toward Canadian ballet was considerable. The board of directors of Ballet is had complete confidence in Gloria Grant's artistic direction. Only after she announced her



Jerry Falwell celebrating America?

decision to step down for personal reasons did we learn the search that brought the considerable talents of Lawrence Grant to the company.

—JOAN D. GREGORY
Theatre Ballet of Canada, Ottawa

Not buckling under pressure

Best belt legislation is, in my opinion, an example of bad legislation, a product of the over-government to which we are increasingly subjected (The Last Buckles, Consumer, March 2). Mr. Higgins is right in feeling that he has the right to decide whether or not to buckle up but he is wrong in thinking that he damages no one else by not wearing his belt. He has forgotten that we are all each other's keepers. Taxpayers and other subscribers have a right to be protected from Mr. Higgins' decisions. The seat belt law should be removed and replaced by a simple rule in each resident's health-care plan which automatically covers coverage for any injury resulting from an accident in which the victim was not wearing his belt.

—DAVID CORNELIUS
London, Ont.

The Newfoundland government is preparing to reintroduce seat belt legislation whether those who have them want it or not, and I for one am opposed to this type of infringement of personal rights. It is hard to believe the government is interested in our well-being as they have recently approved the spraying of chemicals on us to battle the bulbworm infestation. I believe the government is simply after a few bucks (New News) to hold them over until Elmer's pays off.

—STEPHEN NELSON
Gloversville, Nfld.

Not child's play

While I appreciate investigative reporting and its limitations, I feel that in your article *Smoking the Little Children* (Canada, Feb. 14) you may have deleted certain important points and put undue emphasis on others. Although preliminary findings show relatively more mentally handicapped children in New Brunswick than P.E.I., this is most likely due to the identification methods that were, of necessity, different. If there is still an actual difference after allowing for the identification process, we shall be seeking the reasons. To concentrate, however, as you did, on environmental factors such as Agent Orange would be a disservice to all—it would ignore such causes as infectious diseases, parasites etc. While there is a tendency to blame governments for all mankind's ills, in this case the governments of the Maritime provinces are to be commended for their continuing support. This support reflects their commitment to our ultimate goal of preventing mental retardation.

—CARMON ROQUES
Assistant Professor, Atlantic Research Centre for Mental Retardation, Halifax

Man talk

Your article on the Toronto steamboat raids by Metro Toronto police was generally accurate and to the point. I might quarrel with the title, *Smoking Talk in Gay Toronto* (Canada, Feb. 28). There was damned little smoking as in innocent, talk on the part of Police Chief Anderson and the Metropolitan Toronto Police Commission and most especially in my opinion, Attorney-General Roy McMurtry. What I would like to know is why were the raids conducted at the time they were, when all the establishments had been operating for years with the full knowledge of the police? Why at the time of a provincial election in Ontario?

—D. WHEELER
Toronto

I strongly oppose the ugly tactics and numerous acts of the Toronto police force against the rights of that city's gay citizens recently. Five people everywhere condemn these injustices and insist that any city officials responsible for this attack be held accountable for flagrant breach of human rights. A shame on Canada this day. Who will be next? Let us put an end to these various assaults.

—PATRICK PETERSON
Toronto

Letters are edited and may be condensed. Writers should supply their full name and address and must correspond to *Letters to the Editor*. Mailbox's number 181 University Ave. Toronto, Ontario, M5S 1A7.

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It's time to tame the tiger

"If the oil companies try to carve up the market again, hit them hard"

By Ian Anderson

Our first readers of the report gave it strong approval of a document that is philosophically oriented toward a hostile view of the integrated petroleum companies.

—Jack Armstrong, Chairman, Imperial Oil Limited

Born in the footsteps of the federal oil inquiry report, we trip across the sad tale of a Mr. Romeo. He is the owner of an independent gas station that Shell Canada Limited wanted to acquire in 1973. Mr. Romeo, the so-called Shell memorandum states, "had the ability, typical of small businessmen in general, to operate at most which major companies will never duplicate. His operation will almost certainly fare less well as one more district of Shell Canada." Simply put, Mr. Romeo can sell his gas cheaper

because his car operates his station more efficiently than Shell. He probably works longer hours, watches his electricity bill more closely and gives local clients better personal service. He doesn't spend money advertising his product and he doesn't operate a credit card network. He is more competitive than a Shell-operated station because he takes more personal pride in the operation. After all, it's his.

The inquiry shows Big Oil would be philosophically hostile to an independent like Mr. Romeo. Because he is efficient, his prices are lower. This keeps the traffic down at Shell, Gulf and Esso stations and thus simply would not do. How does Big Oil compete? By lowering their prices to match Mr. Romeo's? No, by getting rid of Mr. Romeo.

For a company with client, this course of action probably seems reasonable. Client means control of the refinery where Mr. Romeo gets his gas. Client also means being allied to the other refiners that Mr. Romeo might want to fly help. After all, your allies are not philosophically hostile to you. They don't want to drop their prices any more than you do. Lower prices mean lower profits and, in any company, profit is the bottom-line measurement of executive performance. If you are a retail sales manager for Shell, independents like Mr. Romeo are tasks on an otherwise smooth highway to promotion and because if you consider yourself dynamic and entrepreneurial, you do your damndest to "get" Mr. Romeo. Business philosophy begins and ends with the belief that competition nullifies efficiency. And it does, to a point.

On Jan. 11, six weeks before Ottawa released the oil inquiry report, the Soviet Union (Soviet) now emphasizes must be free to private farming. In the West we have long known that a quarter of Soviet farm production derives from that tiny three per cent of Soviet land in private hands. Given the dimness (insight into human nature one can understand why. Like Mr. Romeo, the Soviet farmer

works hardest when he works for himself and his family. The individual is less likely to exert himself for the glory of the state, or the corporation. Jack Armstrong might agree. Then again, he might not.

The philosophically hostile state of Maryland acted on this premise when, in 1986, it decreed that Big Oil must divest itself of all its service stations. The state also decreed the refiners must give equitable gas allocations to all independents, not simply to stations carrying their brand name. The state merely wanted to preserve the independents and encourage competition. After four years, the philosophically hostile U.S. Supreme Court upheld Maryland's right to do just that. Several other states have since copied Maryland's divestiture order. They also felt it was all they could do to deal with a company like Romeo, whose revenues in 1980, \$150 billion, are roughly 2½ times what Ottawa's revenues were for that period. The 1980 revenues of Imperial Oil, whose major shareholder is Kossow, would put it in a race with Alberta for the No. 3 revenue position among provincial governments, behind Quebec and Ontario. Mr. Romeo might take home \$25,000 in a good year. Kossow's, Mr. Romeo.

Applied reasonably, competition breeds efficiency. Efficiency means lower prices—and no one is philosophically hostile to lower prices. It is the ethic, however, that has got lost somewhere with Big Oil, where the emphasis since the carnage days of John D. Rockefeller has been on monopolistic control of every aspect of the industry. Any responsible executive would feel comfortable with such profit maximization since, after all the theatre and opera funding, his responsibility rests ultimately with his shareholders. Any responsible government must ask if that is good enough. It's not, if we use to believe the oil inquiry. It's not, if we are to believe Shell Canada and its memorandum concerning Mr. Romeo. The problem is making the oil companies compete in a free marketplace. If Mr. Romeo cannot do that, then governments must.

Only by government action can executives like Jack Armstrong be freed from their dilemma. Merely obligated to his shareholders, Armstrong must be placed in a position where he can compete again. Probably the best and easiest way to accomplish this would be to follow the Maryland example. Force the major companies to sell off their service stations and then let them turn loose their retail salesmen to strut their entrepreneurial stuff. Forget about the divestiture and the tigers in our tanks. Make Imperial, Gulf and Shell compete for the business of independents like Mr. Romeo. And if they try to carve up the market again, hit them hard. After all, we only want a little competition in the industry. We don't want to be philosophically hostile.

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Ian Anderson is a staff writer for Maclean's in Ottawa



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The Sandinistas ride the wave of a shaky victory

Somoza is out, but the country is still on a war footing

By John Piper and Jacqueline Toppin

Sunday, 3 p.m. There are 2,000 people at the July Nineteenth Plaza on the outskirts of Managua. Accosted in white shirts and polyester pants wriggle along at their stomachs, bring thanks from vintage Winchester. Young women make up in tight jeans are dancing. A black and white rifle. A large satellite is laughing and clapping, kids are running around selling ice cream, cigarettes and soft drinks. This scene is repeated on a dozen or more militia training grounds around Nicaragua every night of the week. Behind all the outward liveliness, the militia instructors, veteran Sandinista guerrillas, are deadly serious. Twenty months after the July, 1979, insurrection, in which Sandinista forces toppled the despotism of Anastasio Somoza Debayle, Nicaragua is still on a war footing. Since January, at least 13 government soldiers have been killed and others wounded in half a dozen fire fights with remnants of Somoza's National Guard.

With their victory, Sandinista forces captured more than 6,000 members of the National Guard, of whom 2,000 have been pardoned and the rest jailed. Another few thousand guards fled to Honduras, El Salvador and Miami. While Nicaraguan businessmen and former guard members in Miami speculate on the possibility of imminent Somoza's invasion, the remnants of the National Guard in Honduras content themselves with making hit-and-run raids against weak Sandinista border patrols. The failure of the U.S.-backed Honduran government to deal with the border incursions has led to some harsh diplomatic exchanges and even threats of war between the two governments.

Meanwhile, Nicaragua's Sandinista government is deeply concerned about the current U.S. shift toward intervention in El Salvador, fearing that any aid to rightist regimes in Central America will only bolster the counterrevolutionary forces in Nicaragua. There have been U.S. allegations that Nicaragua is aiding the El Salvadoran guerrillas, but to date the only concrete evidence of Nicaraguan complicity in El Salvador



Militia commander Pastores (top); militia pro-Bor revolutionary forces in strong

has been the capture by Salvadoran police of an 18-year-old Sandinista soldier. Nevertheless, sympathy for the El Salvadoran guerrillas is strong. While denying the U.S. charges, Nicaragua's minister of the Interior, Conrado Thomas Jorge Martinez, says that despite U.S. pressure "we will never compromise our solidarity with the struggle of the people of El Salvador."

The Sandinistas also face problems with a separatist movement on their own Atlantic coast. While Somoza largely ignored the vast Atlantic region populated by blacks and Mestizo Indians, the Sandinistas want to unite the

Atlantic with the rest of the country. But far from welcoming the Sandinistas, many residents of a large Nicaraguan area view them as intruders threatening their former autonomy. Supported by former National Guards, the separatists have now begun a guerrilla war against the Sandinistas. One skirmish at Prinzapolka in late February resulted in the deaths of four government soldiers.

The victorious Sandinista guerrillas know only too well the weakness of their own army as one soldier said: "We cannot afford enough soldiers. Nicaragua is a poor country, and productive workers must come first." Striving to consolidate the revolution, the Sandinista government has passed 1981 the Year of Production and Defense of the Revolution. As the call of food on people's lips, the government has called to join the militia's echoes on Nicaraguan television, militia commander and Deputy Defense Minister Eden Pastores told of having 100,000 people in the militia within three months, up from the present 20,000.

Joining the militia is not the only con-



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What is Foster Parents Plan? PLAN is a non-profit, non-sectarian, non-political social service agency. Our goal is to help children, their families and communities overseas to help themselves. Through social welfare, health, education and community development programs, PLAN avoids long-term dependency and helps, in time, to enable the society to assume a greater responsibility for its own people.

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How does Foster Parents Plan help the community? We endeavor to get community leaders to determine what their needs are before we establish a plan aimed at their needs. The community must participate in this plan, and provide the labor while PLAN supplies the materials to meet their goals. Consumer cooperatives are set up, youth and study centers established, dams, water and land reclamation, and pig-raising projects are begun... and these are but a few examples.



But how many more sacrifices will the people willingly make, for how long and with such fervor? As the memory of Somata's repressive regime fades, other compensation is needed, and providing that compensation is just what the fledgling Nicaraguan government is trying to do. Wages have risen threefold since the revolution, while inflation is running at 25 per cent. Alvin Monce's wages have almost doubled at the tobacco factory where she works. "An-



While the director of Nicaragua's "committee of solidarity with the people of El Salvador" points out that Nicaragua can not afford to aid the guerrillas, a social worker says her program for Nicaraguan children has already been severely cut back because of the U.S. move. Although any further cuts in foreign aid would definitely hurt Nicaragua's struggling economy, the "Mims" will not give up the independence they won at a cost of an estimated 50,000 lives in the war against Somoza. Meanwhile, for Carlos Lopez, the next infirmary practice is Thursday at 6 p.m. ☐

—Dave Reynolds

Publicly, perhaps. Privately, for all the press coverage he has had, Broad-



"I was always a bit of a maffia," recalls Breadfoot, citing the restrictions of his Reptil family in North Vancouver. At 18, he went to sea and roamed the world for five years. Back in Vancouver in 1967, he sold men's clothes in his father's wholesale business, later in retail stores. Slowly, then, there grew

Quoting Kinnear, Kinnear, Pothmann
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him an interest in acting. He joined the North Vancouver Community Players. His first role got him his first laughs—and that was it. "It felt so right," he says. He decided to become a comedian. Friends warned that he would starve trying to be funny in Canada. He gave himself two years, and ended up going hungry a few times. He moved to Toronto where, in 1959, he was spotted by Mayor Moore and asked to join Moore's Spring Thaw. In all, Broadfoot appeared in 30 Spring Thaw Moore, now head of the Canada Council, has called

him "Canada's funniest and sharpest satirist." Meeting Moore, Broadfoot admits, was his one real break. The rest of his career is essentially based on knowing what he wanted, working very hard, trusting his talent. He still takes immense pleasure in his work. Moments before going on, the wide mouth is grinning, the eyes twinkling. It may be the 1,000th time he has done the monologue, but he knows they will laugh and he likes that, needs it, wants it. "From the laughter of an audience I get more sat-

isfaction, more joy, than from anything else," he says. "Comedy is a craft. I put everything I have into it." "In this business," explains Broadfoot, "you can be so at the mercy of somebody else's whim. I couldn't live like that—always waiting for the phone to ring. Right from the start I created my own employment. I always had an act. That's also why I started to produce and direct [small cabaret-like productions in Toronto and Montreal]." For years, though, Broadfoot has been at no one's mercy but his own, yet the drive to work, according to friends, hasn't diminished. Aside from paid dates, he also does a lot of benefits. The act, being topical, needs constant updating and is tailored to each new audience and locality. Usually he rewrites material until the last second. "If you do everything you can to prepare yourself," he says, "there's no reason to be nervous or scared. Performing should never be an ordeal."

Like a number of Canadian per-

Jobs like ours that remind Canadians of their illness

formers, Broadfoot has worked in the U.S. and England; unlike them, his home is still Canada. The fact begins to define him—and us. We laugh at what he says because he's talking about us. In fact, we laugh because he's standing up. This is no self-deprecating Rodney Dangerfield. Broadfoot's humor is more satirical and cerebral, like that of American comedian Will Rogers. It makes you laugh all right, but it also leaves a small ache to remind you of your illness—the malaise of being Canadian. Broadfoot dismisses such speculation. "I have no message," he insists. "I just entertain. Yet people say, 'What I like about your work, Dave, is that there's consistency in the point of view.' The awareness of it. They say, 'Your message is that you believe in this country.' Well, if so, it's entirely unconscious. I live here. I work here. I care about this country. That's all."

Canada is a collection of 26 strong provinces and governments loosely connected by fear.

Not quite. Broadfoot goes on. "Canada is one of the few countries left that hasn't become a 'borderless' place. There has to be a need story for people—from Argentina, Chile, wherever—who aren't allowed to do what I do to go on a stage and criticize the government. In a funny way, I don't ever taste that for granted. I don't ever want to see that dissipated. I don't ever want to see our dream closed to these people." "Humor is part of survival. The first



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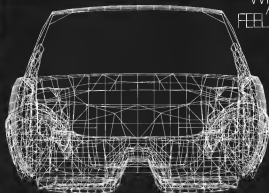
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TOYOTA

OH
WHAT
A
FEELING

What is a Canadian? A Canadian is a DP with seniority

caninity in a room is not truth, but humor. We lose our sense of it. But humor can be the savior. Humor can unite people. And it's therapeutic—especially the big belly laughs. They give relief. We need laughter."

"There is a rare animal in the 39th century," says fellow comedian John Morgan. "He does what he likes and he does it well." And he's well rewarded: there's money. Broadfoot admits to



working about five times more than he did a dozen years ago when it was reported he made \$10,000 a year. It has allowed him the chance to take vacations abroad with his wife, Diane Stuard (who is also his manager), and their 18-year-old daughter, Valerie, and the purchase of a 40-acre farm near Coldwater, Ont.

Americans are plagued with organized crime. We have provincial liquor boards.

And then there have been a few moments when it was all so right. One in Ottawa, in 1964, Broadfoot performed for the Queen. At the time the country was rife with rumors about a

possible attempt on her life. By coincidence, the day before, gangster boss leader Hal Banks, who had escaped Canada, had been seen on a dock in Brooklyn. When Broadfoot walked onstage he faced an extremely tense audience. There were Moetzes in the audience, in the corridor, on the roof, in the street. He stood quite still for a little while, looking off into the wings at Moetzes there, and then at Moetzes above him in the firm. Then he turned to



Broadfoot striking pose in 1958 (above): 'Air Force' cad from left Abbott, Morgan, Broadfoot, Ferguson and Gey

do it," Broadfoot thinks. The commentator says "Men, we don't have to take this crap from a corporal. From now on it's Sergeant Broadfoot"—and pins the stripes on the comedian's sleeve. Every man in the room jumps to his feet applauding. There are five such moments.

"I'm lucky," says Broadfoot. "I've achieved what I wanted to achieve. I know it sounds modest, but I think I'm the best English-speaking stand-up comedian in the country." Why isn't he gone to the U.S. then, like most successful Canadian entertainers? "I guess I've just gotten too comfortable here."

Yet, for all the funny jobs, perhaps Dave Broadfoot needs Canada as much as it needs him. He likes the young women in Vancouver upper class who approach him after his show and say, "I just want to tell you as a person growing up in this country, I'm glad you're here." He then tells the letters from some clients that thank him for making them laugh. Mostly he needs to keep working. These days Broadfoot is working on new material, a sketch in which an old man confesses a young son not to commit suicide simply because his girl has left him. The problem, as Broadfoot originally envisioned it, was that the young man was obsessed with sports. This—because he felt women don't really relate to sports—Broadfoot changed the obsession to religion. But that was too "heavy." In the next revised draft, the young man simply talks too much about politics. It's sure to be funny, because Broadfoot wants the laughs. ☐

the audience and said: "What are all these Moetzes doing here? Hal Banks is in Brooklyn." Silence. Then the glass exploded. People collapsed and couldn't stop laughing. The story made every front page in the country.

Next, Broadfoot is entertaining at RCMP headquarters in Ottawa. It's the first time he has ever faced a ball full of the warlike-looking men. He launches into yet another Rendell the Mezzobite parody. "The story you are about to hear was taken from the files of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police. Or, as they say in Hull, Quebec—don't they have boys?"

"I said so. It goes well. They're laughing. Now, breaking up when Commissioner Stumman suddenly takes the mike. "Oh, Dave, now you've

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INTEPOST—BUSINESS WORLDS. SECONDS APART.

Growing up, someday soon

When rodeo rides east this fall, pet lovers will complain

By Mural Jackson

Professional rodeo in Canada may still be a footnote beside the tall oaks of hockey and football on the sports page, but it is definitely growing up. In September, three major rodeos offering a \$150,000 purse will take place—not in west, but in Montreal and Saint John, N.B., and Charlottetown, P.E.I. More than \$77,000 in advance tickets have already been sold in Montreal. When the Canadian Plains Rodeo was held in Edmonton last November, for the first time professional bull riders and steer wrestlers wore flowered shirts and deep-waist boots in a western fashion show. Several years ago, this idea would have been laughed right out of the tack room.

At the annual meeting of the 500-member Canadian Professional Rodeo Association, President Bob Sutherland urged the members to "get out there

and sell yourselves a little." Rodeo is attracting sponsors now—the National Tobacco Co., which makes the tobacco that cowboys prefer to chew, has contributed \$60,000 toward 1981 purses—and a fair bit of show has crept in. "For instance," said Sutherland, "even in one of our sponsors' rooms, and they were a little upset when a lot of you guys wore Wranglers to their press conference. Things like that."

When a professional rodeo comes east, there is bound to be the usual reaction from uninitiated, non-western audiences: sport fishermen will object to the sight of calves being jerked off their feet for fun and mawny, pet lovers who

Showing cowboys the dirt (right) for 2½ centuries a year) hard to do, but not as awkward as injury

look on with their ears will become indignant about how the stock are "made to buck" with electric prods and tight flank straps (see *Montreal*, Sept. 1, 1980). But the sport of rodeo is a stylized version of skills that any working cowboy uses in a cattle ranch. Critics of rodeo would be better off taking up the cause of market veal, or feeling sorry for the cow boy who, for mysterious reasons, feels compelled to ride a bull for the wages of a bank teller.

In Alberta, the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (SPCA) has five constables assigned to the rodeo circuit. Although they don't manage rodeos, over the years the organization has made its peace with it. "To tell the truth, we got very, very few direct complaints about it," said Neil McDonald, executive director of the Alberta SPCA. "Rodeos certainly use animals, and it is a shame exploits them, but the animals are well cared for. I see worse things in the course of our normal investigations." One week last year, 30 dogs died in

transport as a result of mishandling, and there was no outcry from the public. This season, we reported 30 dog-berners that were half-starved and people were outraged. I find the public reacts more to the type of animals than the actual incident." McDonald has only one reservation about rodeo. "Personally, I don't like to watch black veal games. There are a lot of wrecks, where horses get injured and sometimes killed. To me, it's the only rodeo event that seems obviously hard on the animals."

Wayne Vold is a conspicuous figure in the Canadian rodeo world. As the first in his family in November, he did everything but sell popcorn, a stock contractor who owns the top bull (Hager) and the top bucking horse (American Express) of 1980. Vold provided some of the action with his rodeo stock, watched his brother Doug work as "pro-on-man" in the arena and every night he sang with his band Whiskey River in the Silver Slipper saloon, where

the partying went on.

As a cowboy, a performer and a businessman, Vold can defend rodeo from any number of angles. "If rodeo is as hard on bucking horses," he says, "then how come they live so long? A working horse might live 15 years on a ranch, I have bucking horses that are 20 years old. People think you treat a horse to look, but that's just the kind of horses they are. I've paid \$25,000 for a good rodeo horse—it makes no sense to abuse an investment like that."

Another familiar figure on the North American circuit is rodeo producer Stan Stoen, whose three daughters, the triplets Steen Sisters, travel from rodeo to rodeo with their parents all year long. "Most people think the flank strap, a piece of leather covered with sharp nails, is pulled snug against the horse's genitals in order to make it buck," says Stoen. "But the flank strap doesn't injure a horse; for an experienced horse, it's a signal to go to work. Like a boxer putting on his gloves. An old horse will often stop bucking as soon as he hears the eight-second whistle—flank strap on or off."

"The other aspect of rodeo that upsets people," Stoen continues, "is the use of the electric cattle prod, or 'hot shot,' on the horses as they come out of the chute. When I go to a humane association meeting, I sometimes take one of these things along to let people try them. Properly used, they aren't harmful, and they don't make an animal buck harder. The 'hot shot' is used to 'un-track' the horse, to move him out of the chute fast, because that's where the worst injuries to riders and animal happen in rodeo."

"Too before silver" means that a cowboy has to save well to even trophy-winning points. But bareback and saddle-brush riders use rodeo spurs that are dull and think as one tickles back to back. According to Stoen, the rider uses his spurs to grip the horse's neck, not to cut or scratch the animal. "You'll see some hair flying off a loose-coated horse when he's being ridden, then you'll see a being ridden."

"There are definitely men in rodeo," he acknowledges. "I've seen calves break their legs and green horses run into a railing and get hurt. Although studies have found no evidence that the calves are injured, I believe that calf roping is hard to defend. But according to the American Humane Association, less than one-tenth of one per cent of professional rodeo animals are injured each year, which is the lowest rate of any animal-oriented event." When you consider that a bucking horse only works—because that is its job—of one day in its lifetime, it's not a bad life. If I had to come back as an animal, I'd be a rodeo horse, myself." ☐

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CANADA

Vive les Plouffe libres!

Whoever wins on April 13, the Quebec independence movement is moribund now

By David Thomas

LASTS the night of Nov. 14, 1976, a crowd of jubilant voters celebrated downtown Montreal, waving a huge Quebec flag and shouting "On est libre, on est libre." That cheer—we are free, we are free—sounded at the time like a premature but measurable proclamation of a people that had just chosen a provincial government dedicated to independence. Now, as Quebecers prepare to elect a new government April 13, the independence movement is moribund, mortally stricken by a succession of strategic blunders by the Parti Québécois government and starved for motivation by a population that no longer feels in need of liberation.

Seasonal sentiment is now making its last stand in the time-faded valleys of the Saguenay River and the Lower St. Lawrence, the historic burial grounds of defiant political movements like the Social Credit and the Union Nationale. Only there and in a scattering of Montreal ridings did the government gain majorities in last May's referendum appeal for a mandate to negotiate sovereignty-association.

Premier René Lévesque and Liberal pretender Claude Ryan ended the first week of what began as the deadliest Quebec election campaign in decades by each of them promising to do less than the other. As they did so, a salience of prominent Quebecers—some of them candidates—told Maclean's that independence, language and cultural security are no longer preoccupying issues. Quebecers, they agree, have emerged from their most intense soul-searching in history as a people prouder and more sure of themselves. *Le Presse* publisher Roger Lemelin believes there is a return to the old family values expressed in his classic 1946 novel, *The Plouffe Family*, whose outrageous motion picture premisses a week before voting day and is anticipated with more excitement than the election itself. For business leaders such as Ordre President Robert Gratton, the new mood of Quebecers simply means "a return to the basic preoccupation of jobs, incomes and the quality of the lives."

The most surprising—and ironically optimistic—urge to the independence movement comes from one of its most



The Bourgeois Plouffe Family, from the coming movie, *plouffe*, more sure

elegant and straight-talking advocates, Pierre Bourgeois. "People have concluded that we can get along all right without independence." With brightened confidence that French is entrenched as Quebec's dominant language, the independence movement has lost its motor and, according to Bourgeois, even his once-radical, communist students at the Université du Québec appear satisfied. "They're comfortable. They feel a bit of economic security, but nothing compared to other countries. Even the unemployed

make more money in Canada than most people in the world."

And Quebecers may be ready to forgo even modest constitutional change, according to former Liberal premier Robert Bourassa, whose announcement before 1980 his successor's ambition for a substantial shift of powers. "The referendum has turned a page, and during the next four years it will be impossible to accord as much importance to the constitutional issue. It just won't be possible to stimulate much interest in it." Though he says there will always be a "Bourgeoisian" fringe in Quebec, Bourassa considers

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Probst, McGuigan and (below) Palmer
how to recruit neutral when people
die just for tribes to shed slavery?



strongest critics of outside military intervention in the troubled Central American country—do not speak for the church. The remark, said one participant at the meeting, "came like a bombshell."

The next day, MacGaughey marches with the Vatican's mass in Ottawa's Archbishop Angelo Palmieri, but who went on at the meeting God only knows. MacGaughey's office will not comment nor will Archbishop Palmieri. The archbishop says the church only speaks on "moral questions" like abortion, "in birth control" and does not involve itself in politics. "The church must remain neutral." As for Canadian bishops, they are entitled to their opinions as individuals, but they do not speak for the Holy See.

In fact, the official voice of the church in Canada, the Canadian Conference of Catholic Bishops, has been very careful in its pronouncements on El Salvador—perhaps out of sensitivity to divisions within the church on the Third World question between so-called "liberation theologians" and more conservative elements. In December, conference President Archbishop Joseph MacNeil of Edmonton telegraphed Pope Francis to speak out against human rights viola-



has a lot of support, but stepped back from condemning U.S. military involvement or questioning the legitimacy of the current junta, led by Jose Napoléon Duarte. But other Canadian clergymen have been more critical and outspoken. Bishop Adolph Proulx of Hull, head of the Canadian Conference of Catholic Bishops, has called on the U.S. to respect human rights, has called on Canada to oppose U.S. intervention and military aid to the "oppressive junta" in El Salvador. Proulx says the church must speak up for the oppressed, whether they are under left- or right-wing rule. "We have a moral obligation to speak about El Salvador and its people," he says. "We have a moral obligation with the policies of the junta," he told the *Canadian News Press* in a recent interview. "How can we remain silent when thousands of people are killed—poor people, peasants who are just trying to change their status of complete slavery?"

For many church leaders, Pierre Trudeau and Mark MacGuigan's pro-interventionist positions are a welcome, if arbitrary, intervention in the debate. MacGuigan sounded more like faint believers than a vocal one, especially when American voices are lacking. At the same time, Trudeau's support for the interventionist position is a welcome sign to Ottawa, MacGuigan echoes the arguments of U.S. Secretary of State Alexander Haig, who says the Duarte government is a neutral, representative, democratic government, and is doing so well with the Canadian clergy—including Father Bob Gole, a New Democrat rep. from Saskatchewan who spent six years working in the church in Brazil Gole, along with the Rev. John G. O'Connell, O.G.A., and the Rev. John O'Connell, O.G.A., for Development and Peace, believes the Duarte government is just continuing the savage repression favored by El Salvador's military establishment.

And he, along with everyone else

somewhat puzzled by the sudden intervention of Archbishop Palmao into the dispute. Monsignor Dennis Murphy, general-secretary of the Canadian bishops' conference, says the bishops have received no formal request from Rome to make their protests, nor do they expect to. "I'd be very surprised if the Vatican were to censure this conference or the U.S. conference of bishops for speaking out against violence," he says.

More troubling still is a purported drive to restore cable making the rounds of Parliament Hill last week. It apparently originated from Canada's embassy at the Vatican, and warned of disapproval at high levels within the Vatican of the activist role being taken by some Canadian and American bishops. However, no one in Ottawa, or in Rome, would admit authority, and the document—which had been retyped—was not signed. It may be that in the unique world of Vatican politics foreign policy is more a matter of intuition and faith than gospel.

—SEBASTIAN HUNTER

Toward joints without jail

Unless the Liberal government loses its nerve for the third time in six years, Justice Minister Jean Chrétien will table, by June, the long-overdue legislation to eliminate prison sentences for simple possession of marijuana. More importantly, Macleod has learned, the bill will also include a blanket pardon for all previous offenders. The names, photographs and fingerprints of some 200,000 "criminals" will be purged from national police information files.

The government has no plans to go all the way and legalize marijuana. Sentences will remain intact for trafficking and exporting the drug. But the courts will now have to reexamine what

Rolling a joint: 200,000 air-pollutants



most doctors have been saying for years, that marijuana is not a narcotic and the 27,000 people convicted of simple possession of marijuana in 1979 should not have been dealt with under the Narcotics Control Act, a draconian law that gives police greater powers of search and seizure than they have in a murder case. As it now applies, the act could be used against the softest

Four million Canadians under 30 who have unlawfully smoked marijuana—own those merely under suspicion. "It's an unfair law that draws the whole administration of criminal justice into disrepute," says a policy adviser to Solicitor-General Robert Kaplan, the man likely to be responsible for carrying the bill through Parliament.

The proposed new bill would more regulation and control of marijuana to the Food and Drugs Act. Users would be subject to a maximum fine of \$500. But a possession charge would not be an indictable offense, as it is now, so no fingerprints or photographs could be taken. Further, criminal records would be kept only temporarily, so as not to affect an offender's job opportunities. A



Kashani: no more lying with impunity.

study of 11 American states has shown the rate of marijuana use is not affected by reduction of the penalties. This may in part be explained by a recent Canadian survey that showed half the population between ages 18 and 29 believe marijuana possession is either legal or just a minor violation.

Per his good intentions, Kaplan's bill will likely further the law's finger-pointing hypocrisy toward previous offenders. Ottawa will purge their names from its central computer file, but it cannot order local records destroyed. In practical terms, however, employers will no longer be able to routinely screen applicants on police computers and discover a 30-year-old marijuana offense. A job applicant convicted of marijuana possession will be able to "turn

with impunity," says a Kaplan aide. "I asked whether he has ever been convicted of a criminal offense. Changes to the Criminals Records Act, expected by this fall, would eliminate the need for lying. For the moment, however, any criminal conviction is enough to deny an offender entry into a professional association, be it as a doctor, lawyer, engineer or general director."

Despite the obvious necessity to change the law, federal politicians are mainly preoccupied with the fallout. Under political pressure in 1980, Kaplan backed off from proposed autumn legislation. Government sources say the new bill would be before Parliament now had Ontario and Quebec not been going into elections, where campaigning pro-

Special policemen might be expected to use Kaplan's proposals as an excuse for whipping boys. Even the Liberal caucus has not been consulted yet, is just because of fears opposition might build among rural back-benchers. As the cabinet has discovered, changes to marijuana legislation are still a touchy issue. "You can talk all you want about the moral necessity to change the law," says one government lawyer. "But when you get 15 high-school principals in with

the justice minister, all of them talking about glazy-eyed kids in their schools, the moral shoddiness gets tough."

—RAY ANDERSON

Gimme gimme
sometimes gets

Despite the rhetoric of restraint following the walk in Ottawa, Pierre Trudeau's fiscal conservatives are slithering back into their free-spending ways: the cabinet has quietly authorized new expenditures to make life a little more comfy for top-level bureaucrats. On Feb. 15, the Treasury Board restored to deputy ministers a privilege not seen since the 1970s.

vent of the Anti-Inflation Board—first class airline tickets. This follows a decision last fall making government automobiles available to the most senior public servants for their private use on a round-the-clock basis. Neither decision dovetails with Ottawa's raucous message, as Donald Johnston, Treasury Board president, admits. But, he says, senior officials "essentially do not have many perks," and the government has to do something to compete with the lure of cushy private-sector jobs.

For deputy ministers, the right to a first-class airline seat disappeared in 1975 as Ottawa tried to spread the pain of wage and price controls around. Now the forward compartments are once again open to a select group of 166 people for official trips longer than 300

Ontario

A man who would not be denied

There was no stopping him. First the outcast, Premier William Davis knew he would form Ontario's next Conservative government, the 19th such in almost 38 years, but he wasn't certain he could do it with a majority of seats even though the polls said so. Until the last hectic day, Davis was embracing the province at a Mad Maxer's pace, doling out goodies from a pork barrel, never letting up and campaigning as he never had before.

The reward was worth it. Last week Davis' Big Blue Machine rolled over its opponents and formed Ontario's first Conservative majority government in three elections. Liberal leader Dr. Stuart Smith, who said before the election he would quit unless the party significantly improved its standing, neither gained nor lost a seat. But 13 real victims were the New Democrats, losing 12 of their 33 seats.*

⁴ Standing up, with the number of members in the last legislature in brackets: Conservatives 20 (25), Liberals 23 (24), NDP 21 (22).

will. The list includes deputy ministers, associate deputy ministers and those of equivalent rank—for example Michael Pitfield, clerk of the Privy Council—and the heads of most of Ottawa's major agencies and Crown corporations, ranging from the communications of the Foreign Investment Review Agency to the director of the Canada Council. No one knows what this or the added car privileges recently awarded senior bureaucrats will cost. Individual departments will have to find the money in their budgets, and it will be repaid at a later date.

Top-ranking officials have traditionally had access to government cars and drivers during working hours. Based on a suggestion from a private-sector auto group as compensation for public officials, the state will require all public bus to let deputy ministers take government-perched cars home with them. But these aren't limousines; they must be intermediate or compact size, with limited options—no air conditioning, and no power windows. And like all executives provided with a company vehicle for private use, officials will have to pay tax on the use of the vehicle. Starting in 2000, an \$8,000 car for a minister or an official who drives 15,000 personal kilometers in a year would save taxes of about \$1,000. The board governs and the board takes away — LISA WITTEKAMP

da with his majority. On election night, he clearly indicated that he will turn his attention to the national arena when he need his majority will allow him to work "for the constitution of people across this province and across this country." Later he told *Marathon*: "The energy matter must be resolved in the interests of all the country. Some way or other the first step should be the reconciliation of the provincial and federal figures, the differential in those figures. I will do anything I can to assist in developing some sort of compromise if that is possible."

In Calgary, Premier Peter Lougheed sent a message of congratulations, but said he expects no change in Ontario's energy and constitutional positions, which are poles apart from his. Davis also received a call from federal Tory leader Joe Clark, who said the premier's triumph couldn't be interpreted as a victory for Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau's constitutional package. Davis, however, was unsmiling, saying only

election winner Bill Davis (with campaign boss Norman Ashwin and lawyer Michael Cassidy below, left), Stuart Smith moving, next, to the national arena



"We have reservations about the way it is being handled, but we are basically in support of patriotism and the charter."

In fact, national issues were hardly raised in the campaign. There had been speculation that jumping onto a football with Trudeau on the constitution would cost Davis the truly blue vote, but that wasn't apparent in the results. In fact, the Tories gained five percentage points in the popular vote over the 1977 election while the Liberals picked up two per cent and the NDP lost seven per cent.

Polls had indicated the NDP collapse



and, early in the campaign, hoping that he could win over switch-voters. Smith predicted the NDP's popular support would drop 30 per cent. He was close, but the NDP votes that went his way were not enough to make any difference. The reason, according to Davis' post-election analysis, was Smith's negative campaign. In fact, Davis delighted in calling Smith "The Negative."

Massive economic problems still face Davis. While he has pledged \$1.5 billion to revitalize Ontario's ailing manufacturing sector, there are also seemingly overwhelming problems such as energy costs, growing wage demands

from public-service employees and doctors, high interest rates and increased inflation—a topic for discussion at a first ministers' meeting that Davis has prepared for after the April 15 Quebec election.

Meanwhile, there is speculation on the future of all three party leaders. It has been suggested that Davis might have eyes for Clark's job, but he told supporters in Kingston that he will be premier for "the next four years." Smith's future as leader of the opposition is in some doubt because of his pre-election remarks, but on election night, however, he indicated he might be moving when he said, "I would have liked to have won and formed the government in one step, but it might, unfortunately, require two steps." Canada, despite his dull campaign and poor showing, said he, too, would stay to fight another campaign as leader. A highly placed NDP source observed that Canada is too stubborn to quit and suggested that it would take a bloodletting to get rid of him.

For Davis, the day after the election wasn't what he originally had in mind. Instead of relaxing with his family or basking in the adulation of his friends and political cronies, he spent much of the afternoon in the dentist's chair. In the last three days of the campaign, it turns out, the anxious premier, running hard, assuming nothing, nervously chewed too hard on his pipe, damaging his jaw. The still-fresh taste of victory more than compensated

—WALEN GERRARD

Montreal

The trials of a 'big spoiled kid'

As the \$80,000 conspiracy and extortion trial wound down in Montreal last week, it was getting difficult to separate the alleged good guys from the alleged bad guys—particularly in light of the Crown's description of its own principal witness, Crown attorney René Dussanville called the supposed victim of the alleged 1979 extortion, millionaire bar John Hayden McCannell, 35, "careless, a big spoiled kid who lived in his father's." Defense attorneys happily added to that portrait the fact that McCannell was "a heavy drinker, high roller and drug user." Dussanville admitted that neither of his major witnesses was a call girl while the third was a heroin addict, police informer and co-conspirator who—by testifying—benefited from the "favor" of being prosecuted.

The Crown claims McCannell was tricked into thinking a call girl he bedded in Jamaica in February, 1973, was the wife of a Mafia chief. To have his violence forgiven, he said, he paid more than \$50,000 to his business partner,



Socio, not in an archbishop's palace

Gerard Falavich, believing the money would be passed on to the underworld. During his testimony, McCannell acknowledged he was broke at the time, having spent almost all of a \$700,000 trust fund he had inherited less than two years before. So he went to his father, John Griffith McCannell, then publisher of *The Montreal Star*, to get the money "to save his life."

Both McCannell and call girl Leslie Lovston testified that it wasn't until 1978, when she went to his Montreal apartment to turn a \$50 trick, that the

charade was uncovered. But McCannell waited until 1976 before going to the police with his extortion story. Defense attorneys tried to link the criminal complaint against Falavich to a \$3.4-million civil suit being fought out between the former business partners. After scrutinizing the Crown's proof, attorneys for the first co-accused threatened to present a defense, apparently reasoning that with amnesia like the Crown's witnesses they didn't really need any friends.

That strategy worked well for at least one of the co-accused, Anthony Socio, 35. Justice Jean-Paul Bergeron instructed the jury to acquit Socio on both the charges of conspiracy and extortion, explaining that the directed verdict was necessary because there had been no acceptable legal proof produced against him. The old man—who had been painted as the bogus husband of the young call girl—sat unmoved as the "not guilty" verdicts were read. Indeed, Socio, whose English is about as poor as his hearing, didn't even smile until Falavich tested over to shake his hand. Seven later said he would not celebrate until the verdicts seemed to get the news of their acquittals as well. Those verdicts, however, remain in the hands of the jury, who begin their deliberations this week.

—ANNE BELLESE

One of the most relaxing green spaces in downtown Vancouver isn't in a park.



Have a good night with Hilton.

Hotel  Vancouver

operated by Hilton Canada

The most relaxing green spaces in downtown Vancouver isn't in a park.

Now we fight the Vietnamese. They are the enemy of all Khmers." □

Despite these developments, it is too early to predict victory for the Khmer Rouge. There is no way to ascertain that they have established base areas throughout the country as they claim. Among Cambodians in Thai refugee camps and in Vietnamese-controlled territory, hatred of the Pol Pot regime remains widespread.

And ultimately the fate of Cambodia lies in the hands of the Vietnamese. They have begun to sustain heavy casualties, but have shown no sign of weakening. Nor has Moscow shown any sign of relinquishing its dream of an Indochina run by its Vietnamese proxies. Until that situation changes, a tense equilibrium will prevail. □

France

Hijinks in a political circus

The Communist leader, chairman of the oppressed workingman, launches his campaign against the most oppressed workers of all. While warning of the dangers of electing the Socialist leader, who might drive the devoted Communists into government, the president suddenly turns himself the handpicked darling of Moscow. The clown candidate calls a press conference to announce that he is going on a hunger strike until he gets more publicity. A student leader made his debut only since his mouth is stuffed with spaghetti.

If it sounds like a Mel Brooks plot, it is in fact the spring of 1981 in France, where the electoral maneuvering takes its points with the Severns were howling Giscard to help their own man, Communist candidate Georges Marchais, made sure that his leftist rival, Mitterrand, was a lesser Marchais' role as a spoiler, however, has gone so far as to drive off his party's presidential wing with a flaming campaign blaming France's 4.5 million inelegant workers for increasing crime. Meanwhile, Gaullist leader Jacques Chirac, the fourth-rated lion, stamped the country, saving his blindest hijinks for his majority coalition partner, Giscard, the man he had once served as prime minister.

However, Giscard's worst wounds were self-inflicted. Taking to national television, he berated journalists for not coming right out and asking him what had happened to the demands he is accused of receiving from Jean-Bedel Bokassa, the transmuted ex-Central African emperor. Anyone would have told them that the diamonds had been



Bokassa: a ribbon in place of a big tail

last week descended into the televised fight with such parts that the Elysée Palace was yelping over his "grossness."

As it turned out, Mitterrand's most effective jab was a borrowed one—a glowing editorial in the Soviet party daily *Pravda* praising Giscard as a "restrained and careful politician." The verdict: the daily *Le Quotidien* de Paris to hoot, send the general stupefaction, "Brezhnev votes for Giscard."

In fact, as a follow-up endorsement by the Soviet press agency Novosti carried on, points with the Severns were howling Giscard to help their own man, Communist candidate Georges Marchais, made sure that his leftist rival, Mitterrand, was a lesser Marchais' role as a spoiler, however, has gone so far as to drive off his party's presidential wing with a flaming campaign blaming France's 4.5 million inelegant workers for increasing crime. Meanwhile, Gaullist leader Jacques Chirac, the fourth-rated lion, stamped the country, saving his blindest hijinks for his majority coalition partner, Giscard, the man he had once served as prime minister.

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sold, said Giscard, and the profits turned over to the Central African Red Cross and assorted charities. The Elysée's books would bear this out. Also, as the media discovered, the books were not open after all, while the satirical weekly *Le Canard Enchaîné* published a telegram from Central African Red Cross President Ruth Rolland, declaring that she had received no checks.

Before the paper hit the streets, the Elysée produced a new explanation: the checks had been mailed to Central African President David Dacko, Bokassa's successor. And in Bangui, Dacko confirmed receipt of \$16,000 (reports have valued the diamonds at up to \$250,000). But he also regretted that he could not immediately turn the money over to the Red Cross. Its executive, including Ruth Rolland, had just been dismissed.

In the midst of the farce, scripts were leaked to the leftist daily *Le Monde*. The *Maoist* police, a book by Roger Delpey, sometime journalist and Bokassa friend, detailing Bokassa's sense of hijinks, having given Giscard and family at least 500 diamonds and a private hunting reserve, at his courtier. The book will appear at the end of the week—but without most of the disarming documents backing up the emperor's case. Delpey left them with a Swiss attorney who refused to release them after receiving an anonymous typewritten death threat.

Coluche, the red-neck clown who won commands 16 per cent of the polls, threatened to pull out of the race and then did a prompt about-face, reneging last night on the Théâtre du Gymnase in the altogether, a patriotic tricolor ribbon in place of the proverbial big lid. It seemed an apt comment.

—MARC McDONALD

Latin America

Friends in shady places

Mixtures before General Roberto Viola stepped from his black bulletproof limousine in Washington last week, a bodyguard scurried to greet the president. The Argentine leader was here to cross to attend a private reception. The most of a sub-machine-gun protruded below his man's loose-fitting jacket. Viola needs that sort of protection. So do other foreign guests that President Ronald Reagan is inviting to the nation's capital. In the month before Viola's visit, Washington hosted Chilean, Brazilian and Bolivian military envoys. Others from Guatemala, another major human



Help (right), Reagan, Viola and Ambassador Jorge Illia: arms deals in the wind

rights offender, are seen to receive an invitation. All but the Contras are likely candidates for military aid.

Viola, who will be installed as president of Argentina at month's end, provided an army chief of staff over the arrest and disappearance of more than 6,000 people since 1976. It was their date that led the U.S. government to refuse military arms sales in 1978. But after Viola agreed to support the U.S. position on El Salvador, Reagan invited him

to Washington, and last week, after the two leaders had met, Undersecretary of State James Boyce said Congress would soon be asked to sell Argentina military equipment worth about \$190 million.

The week that witnessed that announcement was also marked by further allegations from Secretary of State Alexander Haig in two days of testimony before congressional committees. Haig suggested on at least three major issues

Accounting the Soviet Union of "international terrorism" said of having a "leftist" for denunciations of Central America, he claimed that Nicaragua had already been "lost," said the U.S. was considering military "options" to stop Cuban arms and military rebels in El Salvador, and added that the three American men killed by Salvadoran government forces last December died in "an exchange" of gunfire after they may have tried to run a security road-block in their van. There was a public victory on all three points, and Haig backtracked. But later he returned to the attack, changing that Nicaragua was receiving sophisticated weapons systems from Soviet Europe.

As an overall assessment, Haig seemed to be pushing a foreign policy based on accusations backed only by vague references to "intelligence sources"—and at week's end there were signs that the patience of U.S. allies in Europe, as well as critics at home, was being tested by a Reagan bid to persuade the European Community to withhold aid to Grenada, the Caribbean island that has done ties to Cuba, were said to be partially responsible for the high phase on the agenda for the week's testimony. European Community leaders seemed to move to strike out alone in the foreign policy field.

—WILLIAM LUTHER

Uneasy lies the head...

A new slogan—VIVA TELERO—making its appearance on Spanish walls. Long-let Antonio Tejero Melero, the Civil Guard who last month held the country's parliament in a coup for 18 hours, is being hailed as a hero by ultra-rightists with a yearning for the law-and-order days of General Francisco Franco. Last week, their campaign was making it no easier for the government to get to the bottom of the bid to impose military rule. As further details of the failed coup were revealed to a secret session of parliament, four generals and more than 60 army and Civil Guard officers were under arrest and 130 soldiers were being questioned. But fears persisted that a severe purge could provide another reason "Next time they will get the king right," predicted one army man. *El telero*—the king's role in the coup—was a take-over.

The government's stability has also been undermined by a perceived ambiguity in the United States' reaction to the coup attempt. While Secretary of State Alexander Haig was in Madrid, a Spanish anger over his comment that it was "an internal matter," charges con-

tinued to be made that coup supporters wanted out. Reagan administration men here last November on their likely reaction. Socialist leader Felipe Gonzalez said last week that he understood the reply to have been that the U.S. "would not be opposed but neither

Tejero: next time they will get the king



would it be a favor." Further contacts are alleged to have taken place in early February at a dinner breakfast organized by the U.S. Congress in Washington.

Other questions, too, have yet to be answered: why was there no advance warning from the intelligence services? Where did Tejero order his troops to get the buses used to transport nearly 300 Civil Guards for the assault on parliament? (The plotters reportedly had \$250,000 at their disposal.) Who are the soldiers (almost dead), a group whose inflammatory writings in the right-wing newspaper *El Alcazar* are required reading in the barracks, where in fact Spain's army is being shattered by Basque terrorism—last week an army colonel was assassinated—and regional autonomy moves?

Most of the country's 468 officers of field rank fought for Franco. But those waiting to catch their own shoes, most of them in their 40s and 50s—trained, are no ever greater danger. They cannot be easily dismissed, and they are the Spanish's constitutional monarchy. But while they remain, any government lives under their shadow. Tejero's coup-dabbled a "Teporo"—bravely reminded Spaniards that they should put aside petty ambitions to succumb to their 19th-century. Fakers could well mean another Tejero. —DAVID BAIRD

WALLINGTON/REUTERS/11

A hint of discord in the house

A series of stumbles slows presidential momentum

By Michael Posner

It is always difficult to locate the precise moment when a honeymoon ends, but there are signs in Washington that Ronald Reagan's white-hot awestruck is drawing to a close. Slowly, but perceptibly, the garment of

is not difficult to spot. The president's foreign policy performance has been shaky and noisy, but oddly discordant. One day El Salvador is a full-fledged international crisis, the next a media obsession, the next a crisis again.

There have been similar go-faster on the domestic front. The president's first

the president's critical momentum.

Yet more than 80,000 men are now being questioned. In January its target of \$48 billion in budget cuts, the White House labored to create the illusion of fairness. The "truly needy" would not suffer, it said. A "nasty war" would protect the socially vulnerable. Admittedly, the cuts were deep, but they were evenhanded. Everyone would be asked to sacrifice. But to a growing number of Americans, these assurances seem hollow.

If approved by Congress, the budget cuts would cut heavily into dozens of public-assistance programs. Food stamps, unemployment benefits, child nutrition. Job retraining, college loans—all of these would face major reductions. Other programs, including mass transit subsidies and legal aid for the poor, would be eliminated outright. In effect, these billions (and more) are



political inevitability has begun to assert, and the administration that seemed to lift the ground running is now tripping over the threads. On her own, these little shambles do not reflect much damage. But they have a cumulative impact, especially on such stock issues as presidential credibility. Already, according to last week's Gallup poll, Reagan has assumed the highest disapproval rating (24 per cent) of any recent G.O. chief executive.

The surprising index is more important than it might seem. Without the first support of public opinion, the president loses leverage in Congress. Without leverage, he cannot legislate all or even most of his proposed tax and budget cuts. Without those cuts, Americans have been told repeatedly, the master plan for economic renewal will not work. Results more inflation, higher debt, a propensity to trouble.

The echoes of this popularity erosion



Democrat (far right) and conservative member Ernest Hollings: urban decay in Boston losing leverage with the public

budget, rendered to Congress on Feb. 16, was later found to have overlooked about \$10 billion in federal spending estimates—what California Democrat Leon Panetta refers to as "the open factor" in budgeting. A revised forecast was subsequently submitted, with \$13 billion in fresh reductions, but now its assumptions are also being challenged. A flock of traditional economists doubt that interest rates or inflation will fall as far or as fast as the administration believes. Those doubts were given a measure of official sanction when the Congressional Budget Office (CBO) reported the president's 1982 spending estimates off by \$25 billion. "Phony," said Reagan of this analysis, in his always affable way. "Realistic," said the CBO. It is a small slipshod, but it shows

being transferred to defense spending, as the Reagan administration embarks on the largest military build-up in peacetime history: the Pentagon's five-year projection, \$13.3 trillion.

So far, the president has had it pretty much his own way. The Senate budget committee last week unanimously agreed to chop \$2.3 billion more than Reagan had suggested from fiscal year 1982 estimates. "An historic victory," concluded the committee's Chairman, Peter Domenici. "Yes," concurred Senator Daniel Moynihan. "In three days, we have achieved 39 years of social legislation."

The president faces a tougher audience in the Democratic-controlled House of Representatives. It will move more slowly than the Senate, hoping to stall what it cannot derail, and it will not acquiesce to social-service cuts without a fierce struggle. For every point lost in popular support, there will

be a corresponding swelling of Democratic resistance. In the weeks ahead, Americans are apt to see the fall arrival of presidential charms on display as the White House tries to boost Reagan's disconcerting ratings and get the honeymoon back on track.

No way to treat a lady

I took Carol Burnett five years to land the role. But last week she had a 10-star of her very own, mid-life, well-to-do-dollar revealed cartoon soap opera America's answer to the search for the second best Hollywood housewife, Mervyn Duvall's *Empty Nest*, the latest selling weekly (circulation five million) on the United States.

Burnett slipped the supermarket tabloid with a \$30-million bid out in March, 1976, after it clarified that she had a long affair with another diva, Henry Kissinger, at Washington's posh Elve Gueche restaurant, knashed over another girl's wine, had water thrown over her in return, "then trapped around the plane offering everyone a bit of her dinner."

"Just kidding," sobbed Carol—a longtime campaigner against drink and drug abuse (both her parents died of alcoholism)—"a pack of lies." The *Empty Nest* admitted just that in a retraction. But a bitter Burnett ("How could I explain to my kid?") refused an out-of-court settlement and threw nearly \$100,000 into the fight.



against the 45 cent weekly

Burnett has all Hollywood behind her. *Wishful* over *Empty Nest* takes at least 10 million, house and dog addition, 10 other big names are suing for a grand total of more than \$80 million. Among them is Dolly Parton (the *Empty Nest* said "Friends" called her "the Georgia Khan of country music") and late-night TV King Jagger. Cowan's ex-husband El McElroy, known by an *Empty Nest* cover story claiming he was divorcing his third wife, Carson himself covered the first last week. The story was "crap," he told 20 million viewers, "the author's 'creep' and the paper's editors were 'buses.' Really! Derived from the Burnett set of two jurors who saw the show and a narrow escape from a criminal 'Johnny,'" said Carol a bit halfheartedly, "it was awful."

The *Empty Nest*'s owner-publisher, former CBS psychological warfare specialist (Geronimo, *El*, doesn't appear overly alarmed. Two years ago,



Burnett (right) with actress Barry Langford, Carson (far left) 'Just kidding!'

facing a battle with Rupert Murdoch's *Star*, Pope went on staff of 150 reporters and 1,500 stenographers into battle with the newspaper. "Wash was dirty then." But while those whose lives were lacerated wait to see the *Empty Nest* covered by *Wishful*, as was the far more accurate *Confessions* in the 1950s, California lawyers believe that is unlikely. The best Burnett and company can hope for is to waffle for a while.

So far, she is doing well. Henry the King set testimony calling her behavior "wildlife," and she has won a decision that the *Empty Nest* is for legal purposes "a magazine," not a newspaper, and thus is not protected by California's "retraction" law. That means she can go for broke on her \$10-million claim. And so, perhaps, can all those celebrities in the wings.

—WILLIAM SCHULZ

Murder is their business

And the beach-out decades of "members only" social clubs, the series of beaches, the fluttering laundry and the meals waiting from the kitchen, the long sleek Cadillac parked at the curb (with the diamonds dropped in the dirt. The parlor is a fixture on Mulberry Street in the heart of New York's Little Italy, headquarters for the city's organized crime. Last week, restaurant such as Café Palumbo and Café Bella, favored meeting place for mob bosses, displayed their doors and the street itself was quieter than usual because of a roadside cover by Salvatore Testa, son of 56-year-old Philip (Chicken Man) Testa.

Reportedly the head of Philadelphia's mob, Testa, described by one law enforcement source as "a scary guy with...later-been eyes," was blown to bits March 15 by a bomb. And after-



Testa family's beach-out house; diamonds dropped in dirt

wards, the finger was pointing at two powerful New York families—the Gambinos and Genovese—who have been seeking to make it on the lucrative Atlantic City casino operation, traditionally Philadelphia turf. According to G. Michael Brown, director of the New Jersey Division of Gaming Enforcement, Testa's murder is the third of a series. Two other slayings last year (including that of Testa's alleged predecessor, Angelo Brano) are traceable to the same conflict.

In flux, the Gambinos and Genovese families and their associates enjoy a marked numerical advantage—700 to 300—over their opponents from the City of Brotherly Love. Sooner or later they are expected to install a local puppet to reap the golden harvest: total revenues from Atlantic City casinos will top \$3 billion next year. And even if there are massacres on Mulberry Street, there's money still to be made. After Joseph (Krazy Joe) Gallo was gunned down at Umberto's Club House in 1972, prices increased and so did business.

—LAWRENCE O'TOOLE

Having already won a Golden Globe Award for his first attempt at directing in *Ordinary People*, four-hour Robert Redford has decided it might be worth his while to attend the Academy Awards on March 30 where he is in a scene along with directors **Daniel Lük** (*The Elephant Man*), **Martin Scorsese** (*Mean Streets*), **Norman Panama** (*Footloose*) and **Richard Rush** (*The Street Man*). Even if he doesn't win, Redford will be in public display as a presenter, handing out an honorary award to actor **Harry Fonde**, who has never won an Oscar. Redford's future includes a return to acting, with a likely Canadian twist. Former CBC ombudsman-turned-movie-producer **Robert Cooper** has lined up Redford to play a role based on his experience as a media defender of the little guy. Cooper, who has produced *Runaway* and *Mobile Age* (*Young*), says the film *Off the Record* will concern television's power and its limits, as well as the rights of the morning, noon and night to hear people's problems.

When Air Canada wanted a high profile to mark its planned 1983 TV expansion into India and the subcontinent, it found one at \$500 million above sea level—the peak of Mount Everest. The Crown corporation announced last week that it will pick up the transportation tab and throw in \$200,000 toward the first Canadian climbing expedition up the world's highest summit in the summer of 1983. Permission for the climb (given only to two teams a year) was granted by the Nepalese government three years ago to a team headed by Calgary climber and university professor **Georg Kinsner**. "If you're a climber, Everest is always there in the back of your mind," says Kinsner, who has once been trying to line up sponsors. "It's the Stanley Cup of climbing."

His parents were expecting "a black heterosexual Jew." Instead they got **Grisham Chapman**, WASP, alcoholic and homosexual, who is also one of the prettier dunces in **Musty Python's** *Flying Karamazov Brothers*. "He's really quite a serious person," says Chapman, who played back in two popular Python movies, *The Holy Grail* and *The Life of Brian*. Chapman logs his life here in an unorthodox new time, *A Life's Autobiography*. "It's difficult to be honest with yourself," he says, "so I decided to put everything in this book, it's a review of my entire life." He would like to follow it with some serious acting roles, but there's a new "extremely dirty" movie in the works and a pirate adventure film this summer. Although



Redford directing way to public display

Musty Python has a huge cult following, Chapman admits. "My parents would have preferred it if I stayed in medicine."

United Nations Secretary-General Kurt Waldheim is currently campaigning for a third five-year term, recently claiming that he is one of the world's most solid and sensitive representa-

Chapman: "alcoholic and homosexual"



tatives. But recently all the secretary-general's failed tact would have won him in the dubious house of male chauvinism of this year. An ad hoc group of the UN's disgruntled female employees boarded him on the heated career opportunity for women at the UN. To denigrate their complaint, the women dressed in colorful black. Waldheim professed guarded sympathy for some of their aims, but the black-clad feminists left wondering whether the secretary-general understood their basic message that professional women want to be regarded as more than just sex objects. Waldheim diplomatically urged them to return for discussions but added if they would change their suit for black for something more frilly and feminine—perhaps, he suggested, a delicate pink.

"She supposed that she had known from the very first moment she saw the Prince that every nerve in her body vibrated towards him and told her



Cartland: "every nerve vibrated"

"Here is the man you seek." It reads an almost prophetic passage from *The Power and the Prince*, one of the hundreds of romantic novels written by **Barbara Cartland**, whose step-granddaughter **Lady Diana Spencer** will marry Prince Charles on July 29. Cartland, 78, is already joggling for her next at the ceremony, which will no doubt be as filled with pomp and circumstance as the scene described in her 1980 novel, *Bride to the King*. A former gossip columnist who once wielded a torch during the 1930s general



Flying Karamazov Brothers: resuiting while juggling chain saws and sickles

strike, Cartland now lives in Hertfordshire at Cassfield Place, which boasts an oak tree planted by **Queen Elizabeth II**. Along with dictating novels, Cartland is currently working as a nurse, as yet untitled, perhaps line, which will be released in September. She has not offered any official advice to Prince Charles on the art of matrimony, but her suggestions from the past include such romantic guidelines as "to be a good lover a man needs meat and two vegetables."

It hadn't started out as a tragedy, however, nor did it seem destined to end that way. When he was first named ambassador extraordinary or plenipotentiary to Paris in 1975, **Georgette Princes**, confidant, former secretary of state and fellow woman of **Pierre Trudeau**, promptly sailed into a pretentious storm in Paris, where the French kept him waiting for two months until President **Valéry Giscard d'Estaing** could find time to accept his credentials. Now, after a turbulent 18 years during which he has had a sometimes humiliating front row seat on the French romance of **Rene Lévesque**, France is once more keeping **Fallicker** smiling his bonis, this time at the exit. Last week, word leaked out that the announcement of his planned departure in May had been bogged down for weeks while the **Quai d'Orsay** stalled ratification of his successor, **seigneur Dupuy**, currently ambassador to the United Nations, and former boss of the Canadian International Development Agency. Fearing further vexed

French feathers, the Paris embassy issued a statement "no comment," while **Fallicker**, who will simply trade places with **Dupuy** at the US, showed his acquired diplomatic skills: the former officer of **La Presse** made himself scarce.

"Juggles eggs now—I juggle, therefore I am." It's not real Latin, but then **The Flying Karamazov Brothers** aren't real Russians either. Mixing pre-

Fallicker: a former Quebecer



Latin darts with post-Marx Brothers humor, **Dmitri (Paul Magid)**, **Ivan (Howard Patterson)**, **Sheridynsky (Sam Wilson)** and **Fyodor (Thomas Ford)** have acquired the knack of juggling everything from simple rubber balls to switched-on chain saws and super-sharp sickles. "It's a myth that juggling is hard," says brother **Magid**, who also finds that ten minutes has a definite role to play when those chain saws are in mid-air. The Brothers have been juggling since 1973, and they have shared the stage with a multitude of acts from author **Stan Kazy** to ventriloquist **Shen Lawn**. Claiming that "juggling is visual music," the group is now preparing a sort of concerto for up to 30 jugglers which could be used in a proposed musical movie featuring fellow-juggler **Robin Williams**. Says **Magid**: "Then we are thinking of writing a book on the joys of juggling called *Ball*."

On April 4, a 103-year-old male tradition will be ad washed up on the River Thames as 22-year-old **Susan Brown** takes her seat in the Oxford University boat for the annual 61-km race against Cambridge. Shoeburyside near **Henley** is in training seven hours a day, six days a week for the race and she'll on a special diet, though her weight remains "top secret." Brown will not actually take air in hand for the race, instead she will be jelled facing the crew, entering the boat and yelling the pace in the position of one for the favored Oxford team. Far from a glorified cheerleader, Brown suggests: "You could say I'm the brains behind the broom."

While sports star **Nelson Stalham** stands up a deal with I. A. **Sam Wine Peregrine** for his latest sports interest, the **Marshall Apartments**, his pal next fellow millionaire sports manager **Pete Fackelman** is descending a deal to nonfeed even the closest game watchers. The Edmonton-based entrepreneur wants coach **Wes Campbell** to give up the city-owned **Edmonton Eskimos** football team and come over to coach his wild **Oilers**. "We'd make a great coach. He's an inspirational type of fellow," says Fackelman. Californians Campbell admits he had never seen a hockey game until he came to Canada, and he's not convinced that inspiration is enough of a qualification for the job. "He's a coach I know enough to know what I don't know," he says, "but in hockey I don't know enough about the pitfalls. I do know there's more to coaching than meets the eye, unlike the guy sitting up in the box room every day." — WRITTEN BY MARINA BOUTON

Hunger for housing

Boom time for homeowners—sad days for the 'outs'

By Thomas Hopkins

At night, camper vans line beach parking lots, their lights glowing steadily over the tugs in Vancouver harbor. Inside the sleek vans are families drawn from elsewhere by the promise of jobs. First they must find shelter, and by day they cruise the streets, visibly looking for a place to rent and live. They find nothing. At dusk they return to the beach, the pale orange lights in their vans a melancholy symbol of homelessness.

On the other side of Vancouver, an eastern executive, offered a West Coast job, looks over a "hardcore's" apartment. A tiny house needing plenty of repairs that the \$150,000 sale of his large Toronto house will buy. He declines to accept the job offer instead. At West Vancouver cocktail parties the talk, the obsession, is land, mortgage rates and prices. Even as they chat, Vancouver's real estate boom is increasing the value of the house beneath their feet, sometimes by as much as \$10,000 a month. The new Vancouver agent includes "flipping"—buying on huge short-term mortgages hoping for a quick resale to a rising market. It is a market that has become so expensive that speculators are moving east, where they pick up condominiums in Winnipeg, Ottawa and Brampton, Ont., at what seems, to unskilled western minds, to be cherry-burst prices.

Certainly, Vancouver prices have been soaring if not soaring in the eight months from June, 1980, to February, 1981, the price of an average four-bedroom house in Vancouver shot up 60.9 per cent. In February, 1981, the average single-family house in the Lower Mainland sold for \$182,000, up from \$113,000 a year later. This, coupled with a housing shortage that has led the Canada Mortgage and Housing Corporation (CMHC) to label Vancouver the worst rental housing situation in North America, makes it a city vintaging with real estate prices.

Many Canadian cities, such as Regina, Ottawa and Charlottetown, remain largely unaffected by rising house prices. But in Montreal, after a decade of fear-causing, upward-tail talk, house prices are now climbing the fastest per cent rates outside Vancouver. In New



The rise and fall of rent controls

Pressed against an end to a housing conference in Ottawa earlier this month were three stark black-and-white blowups of the burned and abandoned tenements of New York City's notorious South Bronx neighborhood. "Rent controls," intoned economist Walter Block of Vancouver's conservative Fraser Institute, who had brought the enlargements, "demonstrably raise rental housing." He argued that under controls "the mortgage to developers is clear. If all other things are equal, avoid investing in rental housing." Mary Billick, a suburban Vancouver tenant paying \$200 for a bungalow, doesn't buy his argument. "If I went off rent control I couldn't afford it—most many people can without starving."

franchised, fuelled by speculation about oil and gas finds, house prices are up 20 per cent over last year and rental values rise rates have slipped to one per cent. Says Rob Noseworthy of the Newfoundland and Labrador Housing Corporation, "I think it's fair to say we're in a crisis situation." In Toronto, "speculative" downtown housing is selling fast—often with several buyers bidding. One downtown condominium building sold long before it was constructed, with buyers securing a profit before moving in. "It's not the real estate people that are parking up prices. It's the vendors," complains Ann Wall, a Toronto realtor. Seen in the province's market of Winnipeg, Murray Sigman of Black Bros. Realty Ltd. says half of the sales of his business have been to non-Manitobans looking for good buys.

Across the country, the Canadian housing market is waking from a three-to-four-year slumber which saw housing starts fall to a 14-year low and house prices rise less than inflation. It has awakened into a whole new real estate game for the 1980s. Inflation psychology and panic buying, even more intense than in the last boom in 1973-74, have taken hold in the West as the last oil market and are heading eastward. The old idea of a mortgage (the term

Agree: it's ridiculous but it's reality

While rent controls have become an almost sure political guarantee, they would like to lose, they are a left rail-roaded tenants' first introduction as a national wartime measure in 1940 controls died off in the booming '50s, only to return with a vengeance in the '70s in response to rental housing shortages. Rent observers blamed the 1970s imposition of wage and price controls and the 1981 budget, which removed tax breaks for rental builders, for the fall-off. In the short term controls worked, but by the late '70s New Brunswick and Alberta had reversed them.

For the remaining provinces, however, it became difficult even to consider eliminating rent controls. Says Toronto housing economist Frank Clayton. "Rent controls have become a social policy, even though they were introduced as an economic policy." In other words, with tenants outnumbering landlords, rent controls became politically very difficult to do away with. Says Clayton: "We put to rest in 1977, when the majority Tory government of Ontario's William Davis was elected, the idea of legislative over an opposition amendment calling for the lowering of annual rent increases to six per cent from eight per cent."

Crises of controls, who include rentiers, developers, landlords and even the federal housing minister, Paul Cos-



grove, charge that they are a disincentive to rental housing developers since they don't allow rents to keep up with costs. Opponents argue controls are a black instrument applied unequally. Says Jack Hayes, executive director of the Rental Housing Council of B.C.: "Seventy-five per cent of the tenants covered by rent controls don't need them." Developers point gleefully to troubling rental starts in Canada and the fact that new construction is heavily weighted toward ownership. In January, residential starts were up 41 per cent across Canada while multi-unit starts (rentals and condominiums) were down by the same amount.

Control supporters point to the declining number of rental starts after controls were lifted in Alberta and New Brunswick. "The No. 1 deterrent to new rental starts is high interest rates," says Dale Bairstow, director of Alberta's Rental Investment Incentive Program. Further, supporters point out that in 1980 an estimated 65 per cent of units in British Columbia will be constructed with vacancy rates at an inflated 1.5 per cent. Cost: estimates that to go to 34 per cent of Vancouver tenants have already passed the affordability red line and are paying more than 30 per cent of family income for shelter. Of these, 34.5 per cent are paying 30 per cent or more.

Indeed, the demand for rent controls may grow in coming months. In addition

to a 1.1-per-cent vacancy rate in Vancouver, Victoria and St. John's, the rate in 15 of the 35 major Canadian cities has slipped to the danger level of below three per cent. As the current house price boom spreads, increased pressure will be put on renters to stay put and landlords to rent and convert to condominiums in order to jump up revenues. Partly a response to that, last November Quebec's Bill 207 came into effect, making that province's rent controls the toughest in Canada.

BILL, in the rest of the country, controls appear to be in retreat. In the past three years, New Brunswick and Alberta took advantage of a fairly good vacancy rate to remove controls with relatively little fuss. For the past, B.C. is adamant about controls. "We can build our way out of controls," says B.C. Minister and Corporate Affairs Minister Peter Hyndman. And in Ontario, despite Tory slottish disclaimers, it is widely believed Bill Davis will move soon to ditch controls.

Controls critics say the best protection for the tenant is supply, supply, supply. Merle Agre, 34, who lives in a Vancouver uncontrolled rental suite, is more concerned with reality than theory. "I'm far controls because living in a basement suite and paying \$500 a month is ridiculous." Regardless of not, says Toronto's Frank Clayton, "I predict that by the end of the 1980s, we'll be rid of rent controls." —T.H.

Toronto condos sold out in a few construction, market shaky and sales secure

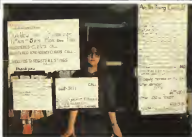
comes from the Spanish for pledge until death) is no more. Not only is the era of the 20-year five-per-cent mortgage on a house bought in the first year of a first job long gone but, increasingly, a house is being viewed as a commodity, not shelter. That profound change is rooted in a new belief that inflation, viewed as temporary in the 1970s, is permanent in the 1980s.

It is also rooted in fear. A recent poll conducted in Toronto indicated that two out of every three respondents were worried about future housing costs. For an increasing number of Canadians, a house is insurance, a great hedge lodged into the whirlwind of inflation. For the "boomers," the drug generation of the '60s, real estate has become the new addiction. Nothing, they claim, can beat the euphoria that comes from selling at a huge profit in a boom market. Even though the profits are often illusory, the game goes on because buyers and sellers fear that if they stop playing they lose. Says North Vancouver flight attendant Anne Harburt who, with her husband, bought a \$128,000 house two years ahead of schedule because of rising prices. "The train is going and the sooner we get on the better."

As prices rise, however, the train is becoming increasingly difficult to board for first-time buyers. There are an increasing number of "outs"—young first-time buyers at the working pace who can only watch angrily as the Canadian dream of a detached house with a white picket fence fades. Dan Hetherell, 28, is a computerization specialist with Calgary-based Kase Resources Canada Ltd. who is in danger of losing his recently acquired first house due to high interest costs. "I am the baby

Portland Robinson with \$250,000 house. Day after day is burning up market





McClain at Red Door Rental Assn. - Some began with crisis for land reform

boom," he says. "We weren't as worried about the future as we might have been and we sort of got shocked."

For renters, a boom as extreme as Vancouver's means upward pressure on rents, as much as renewed attacks from landlords on rent controls (see box, page 36) and a deflating vacancy rate. At Vancouver's vibrant Red Door Rental Assn., Acting Manager Pat McClain says they regularly try to show-bus 800 to 900 tenant inquiries a month into 800 vacancies. At their worst, as in Vancouver, price rises do redistribute income and widen the gap between rich and poor. In fact, the image of windfall speculative profits recently moved even the cautious Vancouver Sun to warn editorially, "Many a revolution began with cries for land reform."

In many ways the real estate boom is a repeat of the one in 1973-74 when, starting in Toronto, home prices soared up to 40 per cent above inflation across

The average price of a three-bedroom bungalow from one to six

	St. John's	Quebec	Halifax	Fredericton	Montreal	Toronto	Winnipeg	Regina	Calgary	Vancouver
1987	\$48,250	\$55,000	\$71,500	\$48,000	\$56,400	\$74,625	\$66,400	\$45,210	\$114,400	\$178,000
1990	\$63,500	\$53,500	\$64,500	\$47,900	\$45,890	\$66,960	\$43,900	\$63,900	\$107,000	\$117,570

The little house that grew

It's more of a cottage than a house. The diffidile was raising the little place on Vancouver's West 50th Avenue late last week. A new coating of pale-green stucco gleamed dully in the spring sunshine inevitably, some snicker in its 57-year history must have labelled it an "ideal starter home" for a young family. It had certainly been a good house for Ethel Middleton. She had lived in it for decades. When she moved out in 1971, she sold it for \$41,000 to a new couple as their first home. It seemed like a lot of money to her, but those were strange times. Something similar must have crossed the mind of Katherine MacRae recently when she

Diffidile cottage: \$51,000 to \$216,000



bought the little green-roofed house for \$216,000.

It's the hunger for land, of course, and the location of the 12-acre by 46-metre lot on Vancouver's West Side that really matter. The couple who bought for \$51,000 put in two bedrooms and a bathroom in the basement. In 1975, they sold it to a veterinarian for \$76,000. A year later, a husband and wife team, both professors, picked it up for \$82,000. They landscaped the small front yard, plugged the leaky walls with insulation and moved a wall. The \$216,000 they got for it raises an eyebrow in Vancouver and will certainly mean it will be a very long time before the little house with the diffidile will be anybody's first home again. —T.H.

As with most massive national pro-

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	house (various sizes)	1 1/2" x 3/4" inches	gold	antique	Canada Savings Bonds
1980	\$73,694	\$42,480	\$200,148	\$72,000	\$41,974
1970	\$27,492	\$26,099	\$12,893	\$26,000	\$22,546
1960	\$34,229	\$15,000	\$12,000	\$16,800	\$15,300
1950	\$12,000	\$12,000	\$12,000	\$12,000	\$12,000

grams, however, once given life they were difficult to push back into the test tube. After, for example, both houses but saw massive foreclosures, especially in Ontario. After it was ended in 1975, when subsidized mortgages started to run out, along with most of the federal programs. In fact, the programs worked too well, producing a glut of housing which the market has only recently digested. In declaring construction and housing "crisis" since throughout the late 1970s. When resource-based prosperity drew upward of 1,000 people a week into the West, in centres such as Vancouver, housing shortages quickly developed. The situation there was aggravated by the physical restrictions of the surrounding mountains and the political decision to freeze agricultural land in the Fraser Valley outside the city. The results for the established bourgeoisie have been enormous paper profits.

The problems for the "yerts" are acute, however, and expectations have been altered. Every ticket agent Steve Thorne, 34, has been looking for an inexpensive house that he can sit up in the suburbs. Vancouver's central Fraser area where he grew up is closed to him now and he knows he may have to move up (the coast to Powell River, or the resource philosophy. "Anything can be done if you work at it." In Kelowna, Dave Nels, a building manager in that less-buzzed market, has scaled down the plan for the house from 2,000 to 1,600 square feet that he and wife, Pat, intend to build on land given to him by his mother.

For first-timers and others who are finding that a \$100,000 mortgage is commonplace, the only option is to refuse to play by the rules and to ignore old guidelines about what they can afford. The trick is assessing slugs of hand-manipulated "creative financing." Mortgaging used to mean a single solid monthly cheque to a single bank. Today it can mean a dizzying chess game of firsts, second, brokers and lawyers. Some of the boss "creative" is in the mortgage, the buyer takes over the existing mortgage, "taking back paper," in which the seller agrees to play banker for a buyer in lieu of cash and often at less than market

Moving as an investment

rates, "wraparound payment," in which all financial encumbrances are assumed and offered by the seller in one lump payment, often at a reduced rate.

Other "foobale" measures for creative financing in inflationary times involve loosening up the conservative week-pay-pay mortgage of the banks. Although there is a limit to how much financial has pushed some sellers back out of the shadows where they



Dave and Pat Nels: scaling down plans

have languished as a result of bank non-interest. In B.C., for example, Consumer and Corporate Affairs Minister Peter Hyndman has proposed that banks offer lower interest rates and down-payment requirements for young first-time buyers in return for a guaranteed percentage of the profit when the house is sold. Known as shared appreciation mortgages (SAMPs), they have been popular in the U.S. Banks were quick to reply that there is no guarantee housing will always appreciate. Undaunted, Hyndman has invited the fast-dragging bankers and lending institutions to a meeting this Friday to discuss his proposal. "A family refinancing a mortgage at higher rates is the kicking horse at the whole plan," he says.

All this is merely confusing to families increasingly distressed from ownership. Groups such as Vancouver's Columbia Housing Advocacy Association

are angry. Early this month they flooded a Canadian Real Estate Association-sponsored national housing conference in Ottawa, mass-mailing letters and government officials with the Vancouver underground hit play *Bag, Bag, Vancouver*, an end view of Vancouver's housing fever, landlords and flooded politicians. Says David Diamond, one of the creators of *Bag, Bag, Vancouver*: "I would like to see the people specialising in Vancouver helped because they've effectively taken what should be a basic human right—adequate shelter—and put it out of the morning person's reach. And that's wrong."

Not surprisingly, it is "left" groups such as these that the federal government has targeted as recipients of its new toned-down housing programs of the 1980s. Since the high-profile, high-cost failure of the 1970s, Ottawa has withdrawn from the field with the current capital budget for housing construction and land assembly, for example, slashed from \$1.6 billion in 1979 to \$200 million last year. It will continue to support co-op and mortgage housing programs, but increasingly the call is to let the provinces do it. Says CIBC President Ray Hennessey, "I hope I never see again that kind of massive intervention in the market." The major initiative from Ottawa's actually mild public works and housing minister, Paul Charbonneau, will be to try to cut cabinet on a Shelter Allowance Program for an estimated 400,000 families who pay more than 30 per cent of their family income for housing. It would cost a modest \$55 million to \$65 million annually. Charbonneau candidly admits his cabinet colleagues are now "more interested in promoting industrial development than in [housing] subsidies."

The provinces, which until recently restricted housing support to so-called "demonstration" programs such as rent controls, first-time homebuyer grants, income supplements and co-ops mortgages, are now developing "supply-side" schemes. The most notable of these schemes is in Alberta, where \$1.1 billion in housing programs will be in place by September. The provincial government expects to build or finance 50 per cent of the new housing in the province this year. It has been successful. Aided by the dampening effect of Ottawa's Na-

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tional Energy Program on the oil boom, price rises were kept to 14 per cent in Calgary last year, with the average home selling for a relatively modest \$98,500 despite massive immigration.

This year, Ontario launched a \$65-million no-interest loan scheme to rental developers. In beleaguered B.C., the provincial government, which has taken fire from Congress, among others, for a do-nothing attitude, has begun subsidizing new lots in suburban Vancouver—about 10,000 of them over a 10-year period—and hints at other rental building incentives. It has, however, stopped short of supporting the land banking and joint housing proposals of Vancouver Mayor Mike Harcourt

a light of new interest rates or a market downturn. "It's like buying penny stocks on margin," says Karla Tappin, CMHC's general manager for the B.C. region. "You can get killed." Bureaucrats reports already indicate a dramatic increase in problems \$18 in 1977 for CMHC compared to 7,538 last year (although many of these were also defaults). Says Colin Press, who owns a Victoria semi-detached house in Tootsies' fashionable Chabbogrove: "If I quit my job, Sandra and I can lose the house goodbye." Far from worrying about the loss of shelter, they are satisfied they have doubled the value of their commodity. As Press puts it, "We're using the house [their fourth] as an

investment as an aberration. But, says Goldberg, "The rest of the country should beware. We have already seen the start of this hot money flowing back to the East."

Despite the fact that there appears to be no stemming the flow of people to the West Coast, there is evidence of a momentary slowing in Vancouver. Last year, 77 per cent of houses were sold in the usual listing period (three months), as far as 1981 only 35 per cent have done so. As a result, realty outcries are falling and 700 listings are blossoming with the cherry trees. Although it takes governments housing programs up to 18 months to work through the system, government and industry appear to be recognizing the problem. Housing starts in B.C. are the highest in the country, and national housing starts are expected to rise this year for the first time in four years. As well, experts predict that demand for new housing will ease by 1985 as the flow of house-hold-formation "boomers" passes through. "Like a meteorite through a minor planet," says Toronto planning lawyer David Grossman. By the end of the decade, emphasis for the construction industry will have shifted toward renovation rather than new housing. Expectations will have to be lowered, higher density in city housing, smaller lots and factory-built housing will be the norm. Certainly the CMHC's Ray Blumson: "Healthy self-humiliation is right, but I don't extend that to the point of some people who say that have overreached in a real way." He predicts it will be increasingly difficult for first-time homebuyers to enter the market and that some \$13 billion will have to be spent on social housing in the 1990s.

Still, Canadian homeowners continue to resist any plan to make their houses to result in higher profits, but the government blames it, absorbing 1979 revenue losses of \$9.6 billion from taxes it might have levied on housing transactions. No wonder there is a curious sense of resignation in a city where people residing in the most expensive real estate have nothing Dunes and Crown financing Calgary's Dan Metherell is a "boomer" with a sense of the new game. He seems content to lose his house of interest rates continue high. He says he will simply invest his \$6 to 10 per cent profit and go back to realty. In the 1980s, houses are far buying and selling, not for living in "We're dealing with a greedy economy," Metherell shrugs. "People have to develop gray lifestyles."

With John Deane, Lucio Lussier, Suzanne Simon, John Rader, Peter Carling, Gordon Ann Whiteley, Lisa Perry, Joe Calhoun and Ann McOmney



For his part, CMHC, despite cutting its complement of social housing starts in B.C. from 5,200 last year to 2,800 this year, this week announced it was modifying its lending policy to allow interested lenders to retail developers on a regional basis—a CMHC first.

But for consumers who own homes and not hang on in the new housing shuffle, the monetary game can be enormous. In West Vancouver, a cedar-and-slate three-bedroom house appreciated 85 per cent last year, leaving from \$112,000 to \$202,000. Patricia and Peter Robinson, professionals in their 40s, bought a Toronto townhouse for \$36,000 four years ago, resold it extensively and now have it listed for \$258,000. "Even my mortgage broker says a year from now it will be worth \$493,000," says Patricia Robinson. In recent months a Toronto house offered at \$209,000 sold for \$260,000. "You get a far better market up," marvels Toronto realtor Terry Martel.

The worry of many professionals is that the current overheated market will have families overextended, especially

Metherell, dealing with gray economy
opportunity to change our lives."

Not it is the continuing dependence on inflation that angers them on the outside. "There are more individuals are being on inflation as though it were a certainty," warns Karl Detman, assistant vice-president of Canada's Perseus Trust Company in Toronto. For most, a drop in inflation would be a disaster. Blumson argues that one sure way to cut off speculation in the house would be to tax profits on principal residences that are now tax-free. It is an unlikely outcome. Says Michael Cudiberg, associate dean of the University of British Columbia's faculty of commerce, "If there is no way to control political inside, it is to tax these gains." The bad news from the realtor's point of view is that the house value will likely continue—although not so extravagantly as in Vancouver. Both governmental and homeowners have a stake in inflation, and since there are far more "ins" than "outs," there is more than sufficient money to play with. The Vancouver

SPORTS

Mooling for gold in the ski world

Whitehorse plays host to cross-country championships

By Katherine Lawrence

Even the skeptics had to admit it was a major coup when, last June, the embassies Ben Sumrell of Whitehorse secured the prestigious Cyprus Anni Cross Country World Cup ski finals for the Yukon—and, rather incidentally, for the glory of the rest of Canada lumping to the south. It took almost four years of planning to launch Saturday's biennial spectacle, an event never before held on Canadian snow, let alone at such a dramatically remote site as the mountainous Yukon—which, according to pundits, is becoming the winter sport destination. Last week, some 250 world-class skiers and coaches from about 15 countries including Australia, a herd of world pros and such YPs as Vancouver's Italian Consul-General Giovanni Battista Veronesi and Gerald Higgs, federal minister for fitness and amateur sport, fought for elbow room with spectators to watch the arduous 10-km race concluding the World Cup series after nine qualifying races in Europe this winter. Based on total points accumulated throughout the series, both men's and women's 1981 World Cup winners are from the Soviet Union: Alexander Zaslavski, who placed seventh in the Whitehorse final, and Raisa Smekitina, whose lead was so commanding the didn't even bother to compete in Canada. Winners of the Whitehorse race itself were Sweden's Thomas Wassberg and Bent Aarli of Norway, while top-place Canadiana, 20-year-old Pierre Harel, of Rimouski, Que., came fifth, and veteran Shirley and Steven Pritch of British Columbia, came sixth and seventh respectively.

It was after the Canadian Senior Shell Cup Championships held here in 1977 that Sumrell, then Yukon chairman of the cross-country ski division of the Outdoors-Based Canadian Ski Association (CSA), decided it was time Whitehorse went for "the big one." Sumrell considered the 1982 North American Championship races, landed them and then decided to try for the golden age itself, the World Cup, since the latter wouldn't require any further work or expense. No one anticipated the specta-



Sumrell, ski chairlift major coup

culated politicking that would thanks to a federally employed meteorological technician from Whitehorse. By the time Sumrell and Higgs Pettersen, Canadian representative to the International Ski Federation (FIS), travelled to Venice, Italy, last summer for the determining conference of 1981 having already made a convincing bid in Lake Placid during the Olympics, Sumrell had laid all the groundwork elsewhere that included the CSA's support, \$50,000 from a corporate sponsor and both the municipal and territorial governments footing in his back pocket. All that remained was a promise to FIS that the territory would build a \$1.6-million chairlift. If the World Cup came to the Yukon—a fluke the territorial government had yet to learn about. "I'd gotten this far, I figured I'd sell them a chairlift would be built and worry about it later," says Sumrell. The existing facility, now overshadowed by the new complex that sits above the city, had nothing more than a wood store and a few worn benches, quaint but inadequate in the face of world positions. Sumrell returned from Venice and rounded up enough volunteer labor to erect the chairlift in seven months.

The real benefits of Sumrell's Herculean commitment—\$5,000 of his own

money and a year politicking around the world—may only become clear in time, however. "It's the long term we're looking at," he admits. "That is, to get people to come to Whitehorse. Once you get the people you eventually get the hotels, more places to eat, more jobs, and on & goes. I've lived here for 16 years. This city has been good for me. This is my contribution." Already it may be working. As a result of last week's World Cup, Whitehorse now boasts the longest lighted competitive ski trail in North America, to say nothing of what John Perik, the publicity chairman for the World Cup, believes are possibly the world's fastest and most technically challenging courses. People like wilderness guru Martin Williams are already leading divers into the mountains for days at a time and introducing the heavy to a 60-km circuit with tests and food loaded into the mountain by dog team. As Williams says, "We're got some of the best ski touring in North America, good snow conditions, good scenery." Tony Carson, publicity chairman for Tourism Yukon, confirms this new seriousness for skiing: "We're talking about a different breed of ski touring up here."

A more than worthy tail

Sain et Sauf has all the makings of a storgiook, if not first-place, finish

By Trent Frayne

Can the star dust stand it if Sain et Sauf makes it to the Kentucky Derby? If this horse is entering across the loam when the band plays *My Old Kentucky Home*, will there be a dry eye over a julep glass? And if he happens to win, will anyone believe it? To all of the above, there's this response: no.

In all of fact and fiction there's surely no horse story to match it—not when chunky triple Northern Dancer actually won the Derby for Canada from all the big California-breds and Kentucky-breds in 1964, not when chunky little Elizabeth Taylor's dreams came true in National Velvet 38 years ago, nor ago, not even when Popovich was flying across the big track in the sky (without a jockey, yet).

The story of Sain et Sauf (the more translates from the French into Sain and Sauf) begins with his dear old mare, a swell filly called Pauleluche and then owned by Jean-Louis Lévêque. Lévêque is a well-off Montrealer who gives French names to his horses and who was high enough on Pauleluche when her racing days ended that he shipped her off to Italy with some of the most renowned stallions, including a love affair with Secretariat, the electrifying runner who won the Triple Crown in 1973.

The foal was christened at Chislehurst Farms, a fashionable equine boudoir in the Bluegrass of Kentucky. Six months later and heavy with foal, Pauleluche turned up missing, and presumed perished.

A statewide search failed to uncover her and the infantile searchers said that she had been, er, fan-napped. Months passed, and still no sign of the broad mare they called Pansy and the unborn million-dollar seed within her.

In thoroughbred circles, the voice of foals and yearlings depends upon their tails. People don't wait around, as they do with hockey players, to learn whether they can lick their lips. No, they just look at the fringe and if the sire was a winner and the dam could run some, the consensus is that the foal will thrive in the sun in the wind. Liking Pauleluche, a wealthy American breeder visiting a racing fan club at Toronto's Woodbine, was once asked the secret of producing winners. "There's no darker mystery," replied the man who bred the

great Native Dancer. "You get the best with the best and you hope for the best."

Then, this unborn Secretariat foal growing in stolon-winning Pauleluche was no ordinary mare, say, as Alex Colville canvas swatted a final stroke by the master, and so Pansy was well worth stealing because there was no way her foal could be traced.

But then in December of 1987, an as-



identified voice on a telephone suggested that FBI agents check a backwoods farm a hundred miles from the Chislehurst spread. There, they found a very fat lady knee-deep in tattoo and hoof markings were Pansy's. A farmer's wife had been using her as a saddle horse for her kids.

Reconstructing the crime, the FBI agents concluded there had indeed been a theft, that the thieves had punched in the minute publicly surrounding the search and had turned Pansy loose. The farmer who found her didn't recognize her for the quality mare she was and gave her room and board until the real owners turned up.

By then, Pansy had less than two months to go, so Lévêque decided she should not be shipped home for the birth. Accordingly, when the blessed event occurred in February, Pauleluche was not on the Canadian side of the great unfenced border, meaning the odds of a sound colt is not eligible for all sorts of stolon races for Canadian-bred horses, including the revered Queen's Plate.

Nonetheless, there's the Kentucky Derby lying ahead on the first Saturday in May, and Sain et Sauf has been nominated, supplying Canadian fans with their first real rooting interest in the Derby since Vancouver's Frank McRae won the 1969 renewal with the American-bred Nipoteur Prince.

However, there's a mighty chasm between being nominated and showing up at Churchill Downs. Usually the Derby field numbers 12 to 18 horses, and you get some idea of the mortality rate along the way in knowing this 107th running of the classic had 622 nominations—meaning that approximately 620 won't make it.

Whether Sain et Sauf will be among those present remains to be seen. Lévêque wants him in and his trainer, Johnny Stier, who used to own the Conn Smythe's horses, has a golden touch. But this Secretariat-colt has been slow to develop. He wasn't raced at all as a two-year-old because his ankles weren't strong enough to support his big frame and he spent the summer training at Woodbine. He got to the races for the first time at Florida's Gulfstream Park on the last day of January, and he was there. Then he was again early last month, and again scored. "He's got a bone on him as long as a football field," said his rider, Paul Souter, a regular on the Ontario circuit, "but he's so fluid that he just glides."

There was so much praise-making after the next two races. The colt stambled leaving the gate and was never in it in his third start, then ran out of gas while leading in the stretch in the fourth.

"He staggered so quick I took him temperature," Stier said last week at his Gulfstream barn. "It was way up. He had a fever. He didn't get four days' rest just lay there in his stall. The Derby? Well, we're hoping."

They're hoping? You mean, the son of a piffered Canadian is the gate at Churchill Downs? Forget it. Too hefty



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Saddlesore urban cowboys

Ever since actor John Travolta donned a bolo tie to star in the movie *Urban Cowboy*, modern medicine has had to deal with a plethora of injuries that, as *The New Eng-*

land Journal of Medicine succinctly put it, are "caused by an encounter with a mechanical bull." Until recently, most of the medical fallout from mechanical bull riding has been the concern of orthopedic surgeons and chiropractors, who have diagnosed all manner of musculoskeletal injuries, from pulled muscles to whiplash and knee breaks. Yet barroom patrons continue to test their machines on \$1,000 bulls that rock, roll and change direction at the whim of the operator at the control panel.

The latest injury appearing at hospital emergency wards and in the medi-

cal literature is a condition characterized by red urine and called "urinary cowboy rhabdomyolysis with myoglobinuria." According to a report in the *Journal* last month, a healthy 20-year-old man turned up at a St. Paul, Minn., hospital, complaining of severe cramps in his thighs. He had been passing dark red urine after riding a mechanical bull two days earlier. Following three days' treatment with analgesics and staying doctor's orders to drink plenty of water and steer clear of baking beans, the patient's urine returned to normal.

Although the muscle pain is what's known as being saddlesore, the red urine is caused by a breakdown of proteins (myoglobin) in the thigh muscles, which are then absorbed into the bloodstream and poise to excrete, coloring the urine. "Rhabdomyolysis can happen after any number of strenuous activities like karate or conga



Mechanical bull musculoskeletal injuries from whiplash to bone breaks

drumming," says Dr. Agnew Cowler, a urologist in Vancouver, which has more mechanical bulls per barroom than any other Canadian city. "It's caused by severe muscle trauma and usually clears up within a few days."

Although Canadian owners of mechanical bulls are quick to rise to the defense of their maligned animals—"We've never had an injury, knock on wood," says Paul Yarmak, owner of Cowboys bar and grill in Toronto—Cowler is equally swift to caution any future bull riders, especially those who may be overindulged and overindulged in the not-so-gratifying. "It's like anything else," he says. "Your body has to be in condition to accept that kind of insult, even from an automated cow."

—JANE O'HARA



Board members at gangster revelry

A consensus of kooks

The Chairman of the Board is a novelty and maybe even a breakthrough of sorts for Canadian television. But at times it has the ungainly feel of an excessive mouthful too swiftly swabbed—it sticks in the throat. Although the show has the premise of a sober-sided "roman" drama, the real business of Chairman is an expensive mishmash of melodrama and farce. It discusses the deliberations and cold enlightening of a government-appointed tribunal whose decisions on a wide range of social problems are landing on public policy. They deal with various complaints and misfits—played by guest stars—who represent issues as diverse as terrorism, mental illness and language rights.

The august board members, the oil of courtesy long since stripped from their brows, tear into each other with glib and grow contentedly on the glittering boxes. Each represents a particular constituency in society, and is abased with his penurious ideology. There's the angular and abrasive self-made millionaire (Harvey Lowndes) utilizing the alcoholic labor leader (Ken Tigar); the Finnish Aretha-like theoretician (Jackie Burroughs) exchanges unpleasantness with the smoldering media starlet (Jean Walker). An obtuse diplomat (Cao Linder) plays Tweedledore to the Tweedledits of a dreadfully

Merit THE LOOK THAT GETS THE LOOKS.





which cleric (Dave Patrick). Trying to hammer a conversion out of this pack of contraband in the upstairs chairman (Stephen Young).

Two opening episodes illustrate the sorts of quagmire into which they get tangled. In *Unemployment*, a early, virtually unplayable black man may be struck from the welfare rolls. Soboloff, ferociously maintaining that "every man has to pull his weight," gets into a karate match with him, while other voters try to decide what society owes to its toxic monster. It's an episode in which the schlock problems of the chronically poor seem tasteless fodder for the broad histrionics. *Outer Space*, at the other end of the scale, presents a loss in the grand British tradition who claims she's possessed by an extraterrestrial presence, skepticism rings until vases around the room begin to shatter unsolicited. *Nimblefish*, the spiritual successor among them took up a *Star Trek* scenario, complete with green plastic ray guns.

Chairman covers a lot of territory, and when the issue and the high risks are in balance it's a fast and even provocative half-hour. All too often, though, the keen challenge of the concept is simply met by the actors. *Sold-off* and *Washed* were in perfect pitch, but other characters suffer. *Barroughs* is locked into the straitjacket of a middle-European street, and Young, a veteran of many American TV shows, doesn't have the weight to ride herd on such a formidable board. And the almost obligatory ensemble castings needed to bring off the stunt haven't yet developed.

Perhaps they will by the time the next cycle of 26 episodes is taped. The *franchise* of co-producers Jim and Catherine Hanley, with Dave Patrick and writer Ken Sobol, Chairman is now showing on Toronto's tiny CITY TV and on CTV in London, Ont., but syndication in other markets across the country—and aimed—in repackages. Hanley admits that the series was made "at an incredible pace, as an incredibly low budget"—\$21,000 per episode. The haste and drapery of production have been turned to some advantage, the wheezing early episode darts and music cues, the limbo close-ups, suggest the baroque ambience of the afternoon soap. But the repeats could be worse, the timing taster. And the brassiness of the attack makes for disappointing stretches of time. But may be the price of gambling on the new, rather than staying in the tried and true. It's certainly no discomforting to Hanley, who guarantees that *The Chairman of the Board* is destined to be, like *Mary Wortham*, *Mary Wortham* (another economic gambler), a "cult classic."

—JILL MACLECK

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ENVIRONMENT

Toxic sludge in Davy Jones's locker

Evidence implies that opening a precedent-setting project could raise life-and-death issues

By Linda McQuaig
and Rod Mickleburgh

When the huge mine opens into operation in Kitimat, B.C., next week, it will be a grim day for the Nishga Indians. Despite high unemployment, the promise of jobs at the megabillion mine span in little interest in the remote Nishga village of the Nass River Valley of northwestern British Columbia. For most of the 2,500 Indians, the mine represents one thing: a threat to their way of life. Primarily a tribe of fishermen and loggers, the Nishga carry on a simple and separate existence in communities that are almost all inaccessible by car. Now the federal government has given Amas Canada Ltd.—a subsidiary of the giant multinational Amas Inc.—permission



Testing outflow pipe (top). Amas risks long-range effects are still unknown



Fulton (left). How: did investigations consider the future of native fishing?

to dump 12,000 tons of mine wastes a day into Alsea Arm, one of the inlets that Nishga Indians have been fishing for centuries.

This barrage of mine tailings, which includes highly toxic radium, 238, arsenic, lead and mercury, will soon coat the bottom of the inlet with a heavy sludge, smothering plant and marine life and, some fear, contaminating the fish. Tribal council President James Gossell points out that what happened at Ontario's White Dog and Grassy Narrows reserves, where Indians developed Minamata disease after eating fish poisoned by mercury pollution. Says Gossell: "If the fishing here is contaminated, God help us." More than that, critics say, the sludge may do little for survival. "That's the scary part," says Nishga Vice-President Rod Robinson. "It's hard to tell your neigh-

bor 'you can't eat that salmon any more.' It's what they've always eaten."

The Nishga's law-shedding traditions have long commanded respect in government circles. But the tribe's responsible image has had little impact on a federal government keen on promoting northern development. While insisting the Alsea Arm project is basically safe, the government acknowledges there are risks. "There isn't an industrial development associated with water that doesn't have some impact on fish," says Douglas Johnston, assistant deputy minister of Fisheries. "If we didn't allow any danger, nothing would take place in industry." But a growing number of scientists are expressing fears about environmental dangers and the Nishga themselves are asking why federal restrictions were waived by the cabinet to approve the dumping. Despite these

concerns, the federal government has refused the Indians' request for a full public inquiry.

At the centre of the controversy is the question of what will happen when more than 100 million tons of mine tailings are dumped into the inlet over the 20-year term of the permit. The cabinet decision to approve the project was based largely on information provided by the company and reviewed by government officials. The government maintains that the tailings will sink to the bottom of the inlet and stay there, possibly driving downriver creatures such as halibut, cod and crabs to other locations. But federal officials insist that the project won't be toxic to fish—a contention that some independent scientists dispute. Lawrence Albright, a marine microbiologist at Simon Fraser

University, examined *Escherichia coli* Canada's results on fecal found in the inlet and stated categorically that he opposed the dumping. Albright believes the combination of the mine tailings and fish from a previous metal operation in the area could make the fish dangerous to a people who eat them in large quantities. University of British Columbia microbiographer Stephen Ford points out that predictions similar to those being made by the government now—that dumped tailings would stay on the bottom—proved inaccurate at Rupert Inlet, the only other site in B.C. where this kind of dumping occurs. "These tailings are going to spread more quickly than they think," cautions Ford.

The B.C. Medical Association struck the most ominous note of all, pointing out that radium 238, which remains to-

disfactive for thousands of years, is one of the most carcinogenic substances known. According to Fred Chalmers, chief of chemical hazards in the Fisheries ministry, the amount of radium to be dumped is so infinitesimal that the ministry anticipates no harm to humans. But Dr. Robert Woodard, chairman of the medical association's environmental health committee, insists there's really no such thing as a "safe" amount of radium 226 (intention as it passes through the food chain from sediment to plants to fish to humans). "There's no question that by increasing

federal regulations by several thousand per cent, Amex had to approach the cabinet for a special order-in-principle approving the project. Only after the cabinet had granted the concept a special permit—the first and only time such an exemption has been granted—did the Nishga learn of the plan. According to government officials, Amex was given permission to dump the tailings because the alternative—building a special tailings pond on land—would pose even more environmental risks. But a government position paper cites another factor: the difference in cost. A tailings pond would cost Amex, the world's largest producer of methylbenzene, an additional \$25 million. With such a large sum at stake, there have been changes in the House of Commons that the cabinet may have approved the dumping partly as a favor to John Aird. The former Liberal senator and close friend of Prime Minister Trudeau was a member of Amex Inc.'s board of directors when its subsidiary was seeking the permit. Aird, who resigned from Amex last September when the federal government appointed him lieutenant-

Aird (left), Gossell (below, far left) with B.C. ministers debate over permit



the exposure you increase the likelihood of people getting cancer," he says.

With the potential risks so great, the Nishga wonder whether the government fully considered their welfare in approving the project. Jim Puhala, the minister member of Parliament representing the area, says he thinks federal officials ignored the importance of the bid for active fishing because investigators created in a key report prepared by the company didn't notice any adverse fishing during the course of their study. With the Nishga showing little interest in employment at the mine, it seems unlikely they will reap any benefits from the project. Woodard, of the medical association, comments, "It really comes down to who gets the cancer and who gets the bucks."

The Nishga feel particularly incensed that they were left out of all the consultations over the mine. Since the company's plan to dump mine tailings violated

governor of Ontario, refuses to dissent the permit. Through a spokesman he denies any involvement in securing federal approval.

For their part, the Nishga have won the support of the Anglican Church, whose primate, Edward Scott, has written personal letters of protest to the prime minister. The church has also lauded \$200 worth of shares in Amex Inc. At the company's annual shareholders' meeting in New York in May, its representatives will present a resolution calling for a moratorium on the project.

Amex President J. Allan Rose insists that his company is prepared to cooperate with federal monitoring of the project. But the Nishga point out that if federal predictions turn out to be wrong, it won't be born as government officials who feel the effects. Says the tribe's lawyer, Don Basenbloss, "The Nishga see the very first in line."

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Bitter wisdom of moral concern

Atwood, Purdy and Layton offer tough poetry for hard times

By Mark Ables

Anyone who thinks of poetry as a private, soft-spoken affair will be in for a rude shock from recent collections by some of Canada's finest poets. The new books by Margaret Atwood, Al Purdy and Irving Layton, among others, adopt a social role more usually occupied nowadays by novelists and playwrights. "We live in a time," writes Layton, "when strictly the (earnest) (and survival) the role merit." Other poets affirm other merits, but the combination of moral concern and lyric voice remains constant.

Atwood's mouth lack of poetry. Thus Storer (Oxford University Press, \$20.00), is convinced on *Ten Novels in a Poem*. That *Can Never Be Written*, a novel about the brutality of the past. "In this novel," she observes wryly, "you can say what you like / because no one will listen to you anyway." Oppressive regimes, by contrast, pay writers the damages of silence. Atwood's novel is serious. At moments, Atwood seems damaged by her own sensitivity, unable to shut her eyes to a "darkness, crowded health," she knows prison cells and the harsh change to a recurrent cycle of the "darkness" of the past. Atwood is painful to read for she doesn't know from showing us the methods and effects of evil. Yet perhaps the historical distance, during a normal time, can't help her. Atwood's novel is a landscape shimmers into nightmare. She realizes then, "This is the real fear / not what can be done to you / but what you might do / yourself, or that

Not all of the women are explicitly political, though many inhabit a borderland between private and public issues. As ever, Atwood moves with brilliant facility from objects to emotions, her ideas often take shape and force from sharp physical details such as "cooling steel or braided lips" and "moonlight light." That famous real intelligence can be asarduous with a vengeance.

There are whole / magnitudes with not much in them / but the word here, you can / rub it all over your body and you / can look with it too." In *True Stories*, the women, the stories, the language tremble with surprising vulnerability and her consciousness of our need for love (an impossible word to define, an impossible word to do without). It's

measure of Atwood's stature as a poet that the sheer excellence of the writing can be almost taken for granted. Because it is blooded by political comment, *True Stories* may not be one of her most immediately appealing books of poetry, but it's among her best.

in the hands of other writers, novel antennas may mingle with a scene of *The Stone Bird* (McClallan & Stewart, \$9.95). Al Purdy's 21th collection, *Amplification*, the sympathy, veracity and humor that have made Purdy so popular and so distinguished Critic George Woodcock observed that his writing "is Canada like a place, you can feel the fingers of the land working through his poems." But is nearly half of *The Stone Bird*, fingers of other lands as it were, as he documents his travels in Mexico, Spain, South Asia, the Galapagos Islands, and elsewhere. Purdy is an ideal traveler whenever he goes, he takes a knee, pair of eyes, a love of the earth and a refusal to stand on ceremony. Not every foreign writer would

have the trouble (inspiration) to begin a poem. "I have forgotten English / in order to talk to pebbles." Purdy never grovels, never languishes in self-pity; yet his awareness of his own uncertainties can bring out marvelous poetry: "Love which is the impossible / turns to me in this place / and from my convoluted turmoil / grant me some knowledge of myself / and of my residence on earth."

Purdy is often inflated his work with a sense of public responsibility (in 1952 he published a volume of *Blacksmith Poems*), and the beauty of *The Shovel Arm* is underlined by his dexterity at the course of civilisation. No Second Spring. His sequence of poems about a proposed nuclear waste site in Hastings County, Ont., refers to "a black thing shaped like the human brain," the technological evil of our own creation which haunts so many dreams. His interest in evolution, the topic of several new poems, may act as an imaginative religion, a lens to put us "envisaged"

world is perspective. At moments, his reclusionism in Rastatt seems becomes another sort of refuge. This makes *The Silver Bird* an uneven volume but it is never a boring one. Although Atwood's out-glass elegance is beyond Al Purdy, her vitality and warmth are unsurpassed. Only once does he go wrong, when a poem about a dog called Bumper describes his "Tragic Bachewald terror / at car travel." The concentration camps were far too terrible to be mentioned as cheaply as that.

The camps are mentioned time and again by Irving Luytens in *Europe and Hitler's Bad News* (McGraw-Hill & Stewart, \$8.95). For, as he explains in a foreword, the Holocaust is "the central moral and psychological fact of our times." The foreword also includes, in

three pages, mostly on Canada, Christianity, middle-class Judaism, critics, WASPs and Layton's fellow poets. Not that such aggressive prose would detract if the poems in this, his first collection, were

much good. But Lupton has grown profitable and, regardless of the justice in some of his invective, his work no longer shows the care and gusto with which he used to write. *Requiem* makes a poor substitute for *Requiem*, and the new collection shows dangerous signs of balking in easy conformity for the sake of his established image. A comparison of Purdy's intimate travel with Lupton's nocturns ("from a few kids the luxury hotel / looks like a place where the new rebellion / the problem may be clear") shows Purdy, Lupton, reads happily with a conventional attitude, a pose. A passionate fury about Galing and the *Blackout* feels Lupton's work, but carelessness about language and a protesting silence over age spots even the stars.

group of poems written out of personal horror at public massacres, solitary confinement, Theresienstadt Island, and the Treblinka gas chamber. But Webb is no polemicist, and the final words of the book suggest a mixture of anguish and serenity which distinguishes her finest work: "let cells destroy each other / performing music and extinction / and the great dreams pass on / to the concrete road."

Destruction and the great dream are also preoccupations of another western writer, Patrick Lane. Two years ago, his *Poems New and Selected* won a Governor-General's Award, and his new collection, *The Measure* (Black Moss Press, \$6.95), shows no decline in grace or intensity. Lane stands unashamedly in the bardic tradition: he is violent and

that leavens
with anger, and
hope, places

social role. He and a desecrated grave become the bitter lives of victims and outcasts. Confronted by a wildcat, he calmly remarks, "Half-don'ts to perish by their snow / he strapes a beauty from my mind." The Measure counts for each vivid scene, whether the subject be a pair of teenage hitch-hikers, an alcoholic veteran of the Boer War or Laan's two young sons. Like all these books, it leaves anger with sympathy, and pain with hope. In times of public amnesia, the private act of creating a poem can become a gesture of defiance. (H)

MACLEAN'S BEST-SELLER LIST

Further

- 1 The Covenant, *Moskauer* (G)
- 2 The Key to Rebecca, *Falsetti* (W)
- 3 Come Fear the Wise, *Freeman* (G)
- 4 Flourishing, *King* (L)
- 5 NPS, *Deighton* (W)
- 6 Edge of Angels, *Shelton* (T)
- 7 The Ghosts of Africa, *Stevenson* (L)
- 8 Athabasca, *MacLean* (G)
- 9 Answer as a Man, *Colville* (W)
- 10 Visions in Time, *MacLean* (W)

Abstract

1. Crisis Inventing, Cuddy (2)
2. The New Canadian Tax and Investment Guide, Sommer (2)
3. The Northern Mopac, Gorman (2)
4. Cosmos, Soper (4)
5. The Chinese, Fraser (3)
6. The Coming Currency Collapse, Swick (3)
7. The Last Minutes, Demeris (2)
8. The Invasion of Canada, 1812-1813, Barton (2)
9. The Little Immigrants, Rogers (2)
10. Canada Lost: Canada Faced

(1) *Pushing*: lost sand

FILMS

A French doodle goes untrimmed

ALL NIGHT LONG

Directed by Jean-Claude Trueman

As good as ever there was none, All Night Long has remnants of off-beat and off-the-wall charm which, if you think, you might miss it's such a mélange of genres and styles. The script, by one of the best writers in the business, W.D. Richter (son-in-law of the *Sly* producer, Zimbalist), is a fast-paced, satirical forest of the conventions of American social comedy. It's going home, the director, Jean-Claude Truuant (Grandfather of Superagent Joe Magnolia) will put the deal together; approach a delicate French heiress; do the material—no more writing! The female lead, Barbara Streisand, who arrived on the scene after the original, Lisa Eichner, was fired, is hopelessly misanthropic. Her rapport with her leading man, Gene Hackman, is so close, she needs the bedroom two of them, some.

For all its art, observant qualities, Richter's script is little more than an embryo. It plants the character of George Dupper (Hackman) smack in the middle of a mid-life crisis and then, simply, drops it, with the drama of the movie. The Harvard-educated, successful through the window of corporate head-quarters, George is demoted from executive to night manager at one of Ultra-Save's 36-hour stores patronized by Mr. Oddballs and craves George's rebuffing the rumors he created, so he takes refuge with his mother, a former Miss (Lund), a nervous and nagging woman, in suitably appalling New Son (Dewey Quind), a sleazy hall with few tenants able to spare, has been sleeping with a colleague named Cheryl (Stewart) when George discovers in well-known class his girl, who is at work, and then trying to bag Cheryl and work his way up as an executive.

We can understand George's need to extricate himself from a world where quibs is served at funerals (and Hackman's sloppy-sweater performance is knowing and responsible), but it's hard to swallow his interest in, and need for, Cheryl, or for that matter, swallow



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Woolman, (breakers) two species

Cheryl herself. Married to a Neanderthal feminist, she's the kind of woman who is afraid of anyone with facial hair. Cheryl just doesn't wash as a look who bled around L.A. at night, and Strindberg doesn't want to be a misanthrope, the character has been misinterpreted—and then played. She and Blackman get together and getting it on looks striking in the news.

To give it its due, *All Night Long*

keeps you awake as it matters, along there's always a bit of business—a night gag, a line, a facial expression—so hard to believe. But there is no narrative satisfaction and the characters are eccentric before they are people, they become commonplace. *All Night Long* is a case of too many looks spoiling the froth.

—LAWRENCE D'OLIVER

The fatal flaw of efficiency

BREAKER MORANT

Directed by Bruce Beresford

Occasionally, a movie comes along that is beautifully shot, intelligently directed, startlingly well-acted, and consistently affecting—and you just don't care all that much for it. The Australian-made *Breaker Morant* is such a movie: there's something stale about its virtues and you keep hoping for some rugged surprise to lift it out of its streamlined efficiency. Set in the latter part of the Boer War when Brits were weary of all the irritating guerrilla skirmishes and wanted out, this true story unfolds as a courtroom drama, with Blackman deftly asserting to convict upon the accusations of the prosecution and demands of the defence. The best friend of Australian film, Harry (Breaker) Morant is killed and Morant orders the execution of several Boers in a fit of vengeful fury. Brian, looking for a scapegoat (and a way to wind up the war), court-martials Morant (Edward Woodward) along with Handcock (Bryan Brown) and Watson (Lewis Fitz-Gerald), two soldiers under his command. The three soldiers are as

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more guilty of atrocity than any other soldier in the war, but even with the aid of a wily attorney (Jack Thompson) they are still doomed—pawns of political expediency. Hang them and both the Borne and the Brits will be happy. They are, after all, only Australians, not the residents of the conquered side.

Breaker Morant keeps pushing the limits in the material at an assembly-line pace, and if the story hadn't been

Woodward: power of politics



heard before—by Stanley Kubrick in 1957 with *Paths of Glory*—it would certainly seem fresher. Unlike *Paths of Glory*, *Breaker Morant* makes a pitch for our sympathies rather than elevating them, even dragging in Morant's awful poetry as a selling point. Yet, damned if it all isn't wonderfully crafted—great film scholarship. And it leaves the memory as quickly as a good term paper.

—L. OT

Brief Encounters

The Postman Always Rings Twice. A shimmer. James M. Cain's perverse melodrama of obsession, love and crime and punishment has been faithfully, masterfully filmed by director Luis Buñuel. As the wickerwork lovers, Richard Widmark, Jack Nicholson and Jessica Lange give sizzling performances. One of the best American movies in years.

Yankee Doodle. Thomas Hardy's great tragic novel of melancholy is rendered with all its tone and emotional impact intact by Roman Polanski. Nastassia Kinski, who looks like a young Ingrid Bergman, is the put-upon Tess who learns to love the pain the world deals out to her.

The Incredible Shrinking Woman. The first half of this consumer satire with Lily Tomlin as a just-short, big-time victim of modern chemical advances is hilarious and well worth seeing. During the clumsy and long conclusion though, it seems you have to repeat for the good time you had earlier.

—L. OT

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Game for a new addiction

The allure of high-tech machines is beating out pinball

By Joanna Kidd

Every weekday at 11:40 a.m., two men slip out of their offices for their daily fix in a games arcade underneath Toronto's Union Station. There they play a game called *Space Invaders*, in which they fight for their lives as a video display board against a phalanx of menacing alien creatures. While they play they forget about time, about the lunch they still have time to eat and about work, as they spend an hour in another world—the world of computerized video games.

Ten years ago, dozens of three-person-suited businessmen rarely hung around in pinball arcades. But during the past year or two, the public has craved to view the arcade as shiny, futuristic, like the amusement arcades has thrown off allegations of underworld connections and developed into a place for legitimate, even wholesome, entertainment. Coin-operated machines can now be found in suburban malls, train and bus stations, bars and restaurants.

What captures the imagination of these businessmen (and women and entire families) is not the lowly pinball machine, but a whole crop of sophisticated, computerized video games—*Space Invaders*, *Q. Games*, *Asteroids*, *Missile Command* and others. These games owe their existence to the availability and disappearance of neurotransmitters and have solved the problems of the first simple video games, which were ultimately boring. The new video games are complex and sequential—increasing in difficulty as the player masters the game—and are, all of a sudden, extremely "hot" property. During the past year, the market share of video games has grown from 10 to 30 per cent of the machine industry, says T. W. Gilchrist, Vending in Toronto. Says operator Jerry Crome of Toronto's Centennial Coin Games: "The market should be saturated, but it's not."

The cathode-ray monitors are infiltrating the terrified hearts of the young single and speedily mobile. Along with a new type of player, the high-tech games have attracted a new breed of operator. Such are the Frézier brothers: Karl, a 35-year-old philosophy major, Henry, 33, and Sam, 32, a machine-repair professional, run the Great Circus, a four-man operation which plans to open four more B.C. branches this



Moan of Jerry Crome: challenge is all



Karl Frézier: elegant escape for arcade

spring before expanding across Canada. Dedicated to the idea that an arcade need not be unsavory, the brothers Frézier have set out to build a string of blue-chip establishments, spending \$20,000 to \$30,000 per location on interior decorating alone, including carpets, wallpaper and piped-in music. To explain the success of the venture, philosopher Frézier notes the sophistication of the new video toys and says, "Exercitios can fight with it [the game] instead of themselves."

Two such associates, a middle-aged man and his son, sit in Toronto's Jervis House as at lunchtime. Hunched under a 19th-century genre of the Battle of Britain, they battle a horde of alien spacecraft in 3D-stereoscopic style while their lunch gets cold and their beer gets flat. "It's an addict," admits Craig, the son, as he noisily picks off the red and blue ships that peel out of formation to attack. "It's just like to get those little guys." He has been known to sink \$50 a night into the non-pubbing machine, and plays whenever he can. When two o'clock rolls around, the pair thinks about leaving and decides against it. They get more quarters, phone the office to see if there are messages and continue playing *Galaxian*, and trunks.

Of all the popular computerized video games in existence, there is perhaps one responsible for more insanity than any other—*Asteroids*, a game so demanding it makes *Galaxian* or *Space Invaders* look like *Old Maid*. "It takes a long time to learn how to play it well," says Peter Drusa, owner of Toronto's eighth hole booth, a trendy hot spot in Vancouver's Kitsilano quarter, "but once you do it's addictive." So far, men outnumber women among the addicts. Reports Ulfen, "Asteroid addicts call up women

during if their boy-friends or business are here."

Pity the poor wife whose husband neglects her, his car, his job and his responsibilities for his twice- or thrice-daily trip with an electronic mistress. Pity the employer whose underlings leave for lunch and spend the afternoon enraptured in a downtown arcade. But don't pity the addict, for he has made peace with his vice and has found nirvana in a video arena. For him, only one thing counts, and that's quarters.

With Ben from John Masters in Vancouver

Paraplegia

Sit down. And think about it.

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What is the Canadian Paraplegic Association

A non-profit organization that has been serving Canadians with spinal cord injuries for 35 years. We're the only organization in Canada that gives in-home counselling to paraplegics and quadriplegics.

Who Do We Help

Canadians who have injured their spinal cords through accidents, sports falls, or vascular diseases. Most of them are aged 16 to 30.

These formerly active young men and women can't be cared for with professional care; rather, they can learn to live with their new handicap. With proper training they can become productive members of society once again.

We Help Them By Providing

- Psychological counselling to help paraplegics and their families adjust to their situation.
- Career counselling and educational guidance to those who are unable to continue their former careers.
- Emergency funds to those who suddenly find themselves in financial straits.
- Financial assistance to help purchase equipment such as wheelchairs.
- Assistance in obtaining suitable transportation and housing.
- Information in a number of other key areas.

Why Are We Asking For Your Support

- 15,000 of the 18,000 Canadians with spinal cord injuries receive no assistance from outside because we lack the funds to help them.
- Every day three more Canadians face paraplegia or quadriplegia.
- The cost of offering assistance is increasing at an alarming rate.
- Government medical insurance covers only in-hospital treatment and physical rehabilitation costs. The Canadian Paraplegic Association is the only agency offering the counselling services needed to help the spinal cord injured to enter the mainstream of life, and lead productive lives once again.

Here's How You Can Help

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For the record



WELCOME TO THE
WRECKING BALL
Gross: Shik
(MCA)

It's inspiring that Shik still feels inclined to make rock 'n' roll, especially after the exotic fondness of her previous solo albums, *Demmo*. But, jaded down though she is and despite the fact that her historic voice is still strong and clear, her off-hand charm is gone in by course production and 19 dreadful songs written primarily by Sweet Ritz. Shik and dominated by charming guitar, this rock 'n' roll is the '70s delirium. Quite frankly, Shik is old enough to know better, though time has not diminished her, one would have hoped it had made her more judicious.

BAD REPUTATION
Ann Jett
(CBS)

Regularly selfless and without straining to prove anything, Jett, formerly with the queens of rock, *The Runaways*, has come up with one of the best albums released so far this year. She plays guitar, writes songs and, unlike many other female rockers, her husband doesn't seem to be an overcompensation. A variety of musicians, including Blondie's Patrick Demsey and Clem Burke, and Steve Jones and Paul Cook of the Sex Pistols, provides accomplished backup while Jett shines on every cut, especially the title song and cover of Lindsey Gay's, *For Don't Ours*. We wish, to her credit, is not done for laughs. — DAVID LIVINGSTONE

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Band on the rerun

ROCK AND ROLL

Written and directed by John Gray

For many Canadian plays have been created with such eager anticipation and apprehension as John Gray's *Rock and Roll*. Would this production mean-as-playwright-director-maintain the reputation he built on his international hit *Johnny Dingo Goes to War* with a first-time success? Could he lead his audience back through the musical's regressive that to after 1965 Canada's successful artists? Could anyone make

blowout with their former fans, some flash back to that "time of our lives" when these high school kids put together a band, dynamized Nova Scotia's supper halls with their music and finally self-destructed into "serious people" rationalizing the death of youthful ideals. "The band isn't everything—insurance can be fun, too," pleads Bent (Andrew Rhodes), successfully convincing himself that a future with the band's faithful fan club, Shirley (Barbara Williams), three kids, a dog and a TV won't be so bad.



Charles Page, Peter Parker, MacKay, John C. Butler, Alex Williams, Rhodes, Williams, girl-eyed-eyed view of his-ages rockers

The handsome girl-eyed-eyed view of two-ages realities—aka, so, peering down the side of the toilet bowl when you come home too late and too drunk—exaggerating life in for a plot that is as realistic as even by Broadway musical standards. Only the breaking tone in the second half does energy and interest flag. Lead singer Parker (Frank MacKay) decides he's heading for the big time (in the Maritimes, this always means Toronto). His farewell song to Mary is a tender and pensive, what's needed here. Though, are not quite Valmont but heavy emotional downers to soften up the audience for the final triumphal speeches.

This is only a minor flaw among major strengths, not the least being Gray's perceptible look and lyrical con-

temporary phrase based on "the pop music and their voices, if heartfelt, images inevitably sound sentimental, Gray's bulky verses are not only signs of our times—they're the only way to sing this game loss of virginity? Made it, love, maybe infatuation/Score call it romance, score call it degradation/The turning point for every generation. Improving the odds? You can talk of Schopenhauer/And Barry by the hour/And our look of your body/And it's gone. The above-mentioned? Oh don't you know it's just a moment/No particular reality. With a BC tour already scheduled and the stress across the country clamouring for a visit, many more Canadians will soon judge for themselves whether *Rock and Roll* is a necessary reminder their own particular past reality. —MARK CHAMBERLIN

The boredom of being earnest

PRODIGALS IN A PROMISED LAND

By Hector Bynnes

Directed by Charles Bynnes

Prodigals in a Promised Land is a first work by Canadian playwright Hector Bynnes about the struggles of Caribbean immigrants to adapt to Canadian ways. Despite fine acting, direction and especially stage design, Bynnes should have found the script under "F" for True Confessions and moved on to the bureau, he's obviously capable of producing.

Ambitious Theo (Arden Best) and reluctant Gloria (Diane Ngai Ten) abandon Guyana for Toronto, city of opportunity. These bachelors dressed with Marxist ideology and racial consciousness, leaving Gloria out until she acquiesces a maternalist veneer in self-defence. Theo as a creature of blind faith the play actually evades in human terms beyond the marriage, despite the complexities of an unbearably wise daughter and Theo's abandoned South-east-to-Burmanian reconstruction which ultimately produces a possible reconstruction. Despite, Bynnes is temperate about the characters, allowing them through and introducing Arnold (John Blackwood), a lecherous, stoned Irish man who inexplicably befriends Teddie Theo and enters the stage with hilarious anecdotes like those from a loose punk. However, the brilliant comic energy delivers two more too late to save the script. Among Bynnes' many fine aspects are the lines, "Only they people hate—love needs hard work. This Theatre Piece Marvellous production is generously endowed with enough of both to light Bynnes' art way to fulfilling for practice—next time. —M.C.

Bent, battered and broken

REMY

By Martin Sherman
Directed by Ernest J. Schirmer

Two of Bent's three productions last year dashed box-office revenues at Ontario's ridest summer stock theatre, The Red Bank Furthermore, late in the form of recent Metro Toronto police raid on homosexual clubs has given the play unexpected topical exposure for its current run at Toronto's Harbour Street Theatre. Here can it fail?

Artistically, that's how. No mean achievement, given that Bent is intelligent, witty, sometimes predictably shocking, dreams about the pre-war Nazi perse-



Months, Curran, a dangerous Rythm

on of homosexuals. Also given two of Canada's top actors, Richard Monette and Brent Carter, who, when left alone to their own devices, manage to escape Ernest J. Schirmer's labyrinthine direction long enough to generate something more than static electricity. Bent is a dangerous nightmare for those blind to the universal themes of love and betrayal that the play elicits from the more specific sociopolitical issue of homosexual persecution too soon the former by overlooking the latter is to misrepresent the work and do both subjects an injustice. —M.C.

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Home of the song, Ontario will bluff it out until the truth unfolds

By Allan Fotheringham

One evening a year or so ago, Dr. Stuart Smith, the highly intelligent leader of the Ontario Liberal party, delivered an impromptu, searing oration in the kitchen of fellow Liberals in the basement of a motor hotel in suburban Whangp. It was in one of those "workshops" — the political buzz word for hair-raising sessions — and Smith, growing heated, had just dangled the noun with the force of his feelings I opted to him in.

terwards and said, in admiration, that if he talked like that at home he would be premier of Ontario. He started at my question: "If I talked like that at home," he said, "I'd love my own seat." A psychiatrist from Montreal who got into Ontario politics by way of his medical practice in Hamilton, Smith explained that he had been years in Ontario before he finally realized there are different definitions of the word *passionate*. As someone raised in a Quebec, he always thought to be "passionate" was a compliment — a person who felt strongly, who was eager and had energy. In Ontario, he found his emotional, a "passionate" individual was regarded as slightly unbalanced, demerited if not deranged. "I've only just learned this," he explained. "And I'm a psychiatrist."

All of this goes to explain why Bill Davis, still Bill Davis, has been so fired-up again as the premier of Ontario with a scorching majority government and why Dr. Stuart Smith, the suppressed passionate idealist, remains trading water in sealed pails and soon will be leaving politics for more understandable pursuits. If you want to understand Ontario, you must realize that Brampton Billy's Conservative party has now been in power longer than any regime in the universe with the lone exception that comes to mind: Moscow. It is the longest-running political show in what is supposedly called the free world.

In 1942, when the Tories of Ontario

began their string, Joe Louis was still in his prime. Hitler was still around and kicking. Franklin Delano Roosevelt and Mackenzie King and Churchill ruled our minds. Children didn't talk back. Grass was something you cut. Niagara has not had a government that has lasted as long. Nor Yugoslavia or Romania — other bastions of democracy. Even Alberta changes masters more often. Only Ontario, of all the Canadian provinces, remains content with the rulers of 38 years and last week continued re-



noved the mandate to 43 years. There is an elaborate of consensus contentment.

The interesting point in this age of illusion is that the Ontario of 1988 is living a myth. It is the myth that Ontario, the province with the money and power (Alberta has more money, but no power), can proceed in the 1980s with the shifting principles of Brampton Billy and his astonishingly desperate cohorts at Queen's Park. To remain top of the heap, Ontario's supposedly solid leaders have lately been trading tricks like a cut-throat streetwalker. It was Davis who was largely responsible for the smothering of the only Tory government to appear on the federal scene since Prince Charles was a pup. Because Joe Clark, in his fanatical honesty, was prepared to pay Alberta debts in fair value for its oil, the Davis government withdrew the awesome shikasta of the Big Blue Machine, and Davis himself, for his contribution to the 1986 Clark defeat, withdrew to the wisdom

of his Florida condominium.

To remain what they think is top of the heap, Davis and his Tories willingly deserted the Tory premises of Alberta, Manitoba, Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island and Newfoundland by ignoring any deal with Pierre Trudeau and his intense unilateral stance on the constitution. In return, of course, for the Trudeau support for the Davis position that Ontario — alone of all its manufacturing competitors in the U.S. and abroad — does not have to pay more than to the

world prior for the oil it gets from Alberta. In return, also, for the Trudeau blind eye to the fact that Ontario will not give to its 600,000 francophones the same equality under the law that Quebec gives to its anglophones. And in return, one must add, for not a single civil-libertarian vice raised in Ottawa when the Toronto police, in crowbar-swinging glen, raided four homosexual bathhouses just a week after Davis called his election and hauled in the biggest mass arrest since Trudeau's War Measures Act (Flag-burning is very popular in rural Ontario, just — coincidentally — at

election time.) Ontario Attorney-General Roy McMurtry, who seemed a card to play but who would like to succeed Davis in the 48-year hegemony, disavowed himself in a lot of ways.

Ontario is the home of the sting. It knows, deep down, that it can't go on paying 1986 prices for the gasoline as the pump, but is prepared to bluff it out until the truth unfolds. The measure of its desperation is that, in this 1988 campaign, Bill Davis of downtown Brampton evolved into a man of "clerkisms." Davis and his Tories are the political equivalent of Chrysler. The end is sight but they prefer comfort in an accommodation with the rising West. Davis said, on election night, "I am a Canadian first." That is piffa, as his actions have demonstrated. He is for Ontario first, Canada second. His Ontario is out of touch with reality — prepared to make a cynical deal with a retiring Trudeau, low gas prices for constitutional rail-roading Ontario, in the changing world of the 1980s, won't face reality.



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